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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Revolutionary Epick. The Work of Disraeli the Younger, author of the "Psychological Romance." 4to. pp. 89. London, 1834. Moxon.

THIS is the first, and we are told an experimental, book of an epick poem, with which, if encouraged in his arduous task, Mr. Disraeli proposes to adorn our realms of verse. As it is only a part, we confess that we are at a loss how to shape our vote; for we can form no anticipative judgment of so great a design from an introductory fragment. Even were it more perfect than it is, we could not be sure but that the language, the images, the thoughts, the ornaments might become stale and wearisome through repetition in eleven succeeding books. But, perhaps, all we are called upon to say is, whether there appears to us to be sufficient skill and genius in these eight hundred lines (or thereabouts) to warrant our feeling a desire that the author should proceed with his undertaking? If this be the question, our answer is in the affirmative. With a few slight dashes of affectation, which we do not think Mr. Disraeli, notwithstanding his undoubted talent ought to spurn it, can throw away; with some oddities of expression and, besides the singular instead of the plural occasionally in nouns, at least one prevailing fault in grammatical construction—the everlasting change of the verb, without cause, from the past to the present tense; with the unnecessary coinage of a few new words; and with several other blemishes of composition, which we shall partially note, we find this poem graced with beautiful passages, well imagined as a whole, and, generally speaking, highly indicative of those youthful abilities which we have hailed with our sincere acknowledgments.

After the title-page, in which the words "*the work of*," instead of the common *by*, savour of the little weakness of peculiarity-hunting, a preface, in nearly the same strain, informs us that this epick was suggested on the Plains of Troy—as if the spot where the idea arose was of any consequence, and could give a sort of Troy weight to the production with the public. The writer goes on to state his belief that each of the greatest of the immortal poets "hath ever embodied the spirit of his time. Thus, the most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the Iliad an heroic epick; thus, the consolidation of the most superb of empires produced in the *Æneid* a political epick; the revival of learning, and the birth of vernacular genius, presented us in the Divine Comedy with a national epick; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a religious epick."

And he adds, "And the Spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated? * * * For me remains the *Revolutionary Epick*."

There is not much modesty in this classification; but let that pass. The world may rejoice if in the sequel it can conjoin in one breath of glorification the names of Homer,

Virgil, Dante, Milton, and Disraeli: though we cannot see why, according to the rule laid down, Milton, embodying the spirit of his time, might not have composed a revolutionary quite as naturally as a religious epick.

But reserved as this has been for our day, we approach its execution.

Magros the Genius of Feudalism, and Lyridon the Genius of Federalism, appear before the splendid throne of Demogorgon to plead the cause of their separate political systems. In this first book the former speaks, and it is not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of some of his arguments,—such as at pages 44 and 57, where he boasts of

"*Prejudice, at which fools scoff, unknown
The precious fruit that husky mind enfolds,*"—

that when Lyridon comes to reply, he will be readily able to overthrow his adversary, and give Feudalism such a dressing as Federalism (being like the *day*, as the other is like the *night*) ought to bestow. We begin our quotations, however, with the fine description of the two genii, though somewhat quaintly introduced as being "*motionless,*" when in the action of upspringing to address the Demogorgon:—

"The visage of the first was like the night,
A troubled night of beautiful wild storm,
When moon, and stars, and blaze of quivering flash,
Mix with the moving tumult of the time;
And clad in armour was this haughty form,
Of rared adamant: a mitred helm,
Framed of a single beryl, bound his brow,
Overshadowed by a plume that seemed a cloud
Pregnant with thunder: on one gleaming arm,
Like to a setting sun, a shield he bore;
A ruby orb, flashing with rosy flame;
And in the other arm he waved a lance,
Like the tall mast of some tempestuous ship,
Struck by the lightning, its resplendent head
Still quivering with the blue and arrowy light.

The visage of the last was like the day—
A sunny day all beautiful and still,
The holiday of heaven, serene and sweet;
When the young moon sports in the sunny sky,
Like some fair child a father loves to please,
And bids her in the morning garden roam,
And throw awhile aside her duteous task;
Mild though indulged, obedient still though gay.
The radiant robes wherein this form was clad
A silver zone inclosed; his graceful locks,
Bound by a modest fillet, gently flow
Over his bust, yet flowing, do not shade
The clear effulgence of his lofty brow;
One graceful arm a silver shield defends,
And with his right he waved a dazzling blade."

The ensuing line is almost a bull, but if meaning that they stood face to face it may do:—

"*They stood before each other in their pride,*"—

The ancient world becomes effete; and Magros tells of his descent to revivify it, accompanied by two minor, but still illustrious, Spirits, *Faith* and *Fealty*. Here we are struck with a brief but sweet passage:—

* * * Wherent two mighty spirits swift upspring,
Erst couchant at the foot of that high throne,
Huge, strange, and motionless, like those vast shapes
The pilgrim marks on some Nilotic isle,
Basking their trunk-like forms in tropic ray,
And as these mighty spirits thus upspring,
They flung their shadows o'er the blazing orb."

† The words in italic mark our objections: to "*arm*" as inappropriate to the action described; and to "*flow*" and "*depends*" as instances of the change from past to present without reason.

"Yet indeed still rose
Those wrecks sublime of empire: Ruin there
Still reigned with hoary rule; but o'er her wan
And bony form, an ivy mantle Grace
Had gently thrown; and her denuded scalp
Old Time had circled with a gorgeous tiar
Of stary parasites"

The Spirits elevate the sunken ruler of the past, and the papal throne is established—Magros, of course, highly exalts this reorganisation of power and authority; and the poetry is charming, whatever the principle may be; so that the lover of literature may be pleased, though the philosopher would scoff.

"Anon upon my ear there rose a sound
Distinct, yet delicate,—a sound most soft,—
A tone melodious as the airy shell
The child discovers on the lonely shore
And presses to his agitated ear;
Or hum of early bees on vagrant wing,
In some new entered garden wandering wild,
Nor knowing where to cull the virgin sweets.
Louder and louder now that sound became,
Like fall of waters from some unseen hill,
In valleys wandering heard; or distant roar
Of the resounding sea. Now louder still
Upon the wind it floats! It is! It is
The hum of nations and the tramp of hosts!
Hush! on the misty mountain tops I catch
Their glittering standards wrestling with the clouds;
And lo! each black defile and dark ravine
Pours forth its pomp. The nations of the earth
Come forth to kneel."

This imperial altar, surrounded by noble supporters, and through all gradations to the lowly people, is poetically compared to a majestic oak:—

"Spreading its noble branches in the air,
Upon the bosom of the heated earth
Deep shadows casting. Mark its awful trunk!
Columa superb! A navy in its core!
Firm in the roots of ages, set it shoot
Its valiant members from its sapful heart:
From these broad boughs dependent branches spring,
And gentler shoots from them, till in the end
Some slender spray, whereto a little bird
May sing in innocence. While everywhere,
Or thick as bowers where lovers choose to sigh,
Or glancing in the sun's transparent gleam,
And quivering with the breeze that scarcely breathes,
So thin, so delicate, the lively leaves
Rejoice in their existence!"

All bards have been prone to tune their choicest song in praise of woman; and we cannot submit Mr. Disraeli to a fairer test than by copying his eulogy, which is indeed worthy of his pen, though in one part a resemblance to Scott is too plainly visible. She is—

"A goddess! but a goddess who descends
To make her human mate immortal with her love!
Oh! fair in that bright hour, when Fortune smiles,
And the fond world is kind, and all is gay,
And she the gayest, fondest of the throng;
Playful and wild, voluptuous, delicate!
In the world's sunny garden of all joyance
A dazzling butterfly—an airy fawn!
A thing to be indulged, and lightly chased;
Caught, but not captured; ransomed with a kiss!
Her word, her glance, a law; and her caprice
Reason complete; but, fairer, fairer still,
When the dark clouds spread o'er our shining life,
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in toil—
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,
With step that yields no sound, and eye that claims
no sleep,

Deeming devotion duty. Beauteous being!
Who shares our grief, and, sharing, soothes the pang:
For then man feels, mid all his misery,
Bliss still remains with such a ministrant;
And labour, with no guerdon but her love,
Is not inglorious; but in that fell hour,
Too oft the dooming of the child of song,
And those quick spirits, whose creative brain
Raise up the demon they can not control,—
In that fell hour of agony and hate,

When men are wolves, and the wild earth a waste,
And our names Excretion, and our forms
The scath of blinded zealots, then most fair!
Most beautiful! For, when all desert us,
Art thou most faithful, and calumnious tongues
But make thine own sweet lips more firm and fond!"

We shall conclude with only one extract more; and of a different and very forcible character. It is the denunciation of the new doctrines of Change, Equality, and Reform, put into the mouth of *Faith* (with his companion *Faithy*):—

"Know ye, then,
As faithful watchers at our haughty post,
Earth and its ordered fortunes, thy behest
And counsel deep obeying, we remained,
Behold, that earth was troubled! Sounds unknown,
Now known, affrighted all: clamour uncouth,
And stunning outcry. Nations rose and stretched
Their lay bodies in the rushing air.
As if the passage of the noisy breeze
Had stirred some ancient life-drops in the pools
The calm of centuries had clothed in. Rumour
Tripped up the heels of doting Memory.
With all her legends, and with busy voice
Told of some coming fate. The Past became
The nausea of the Present. Omens dire
Struck cold the heart of man, and made all gaze
With silent speech upon each other's face,
Waiting who first should tell the thought all feared.
Steeple were blasted by descending fire;
Ancestral trees, that seemed the types of Time,
Were stricken by strong winds, and in an hour
The growth of ages shivered: from their base
Fell regal statues; fountains changed to blood,
And in the night, lights, strange and quivering,
scudded
O'er the trembling sky.

Heraldic portents
Of advent awful! For behold! now rose
A form so vast, so terrible, so strange,
That even eyes that arch-angelic shapes
Have passed before, upon the darkened earth
Dropped their dull orbs. A thousand arms it had,
Or seemed to have; a thousand tongues, the same.
Its voice a chorus, and its shape a crowd!
Nor when from out the icy pinnacles
That crown the savage Caucian, Elburz peak,
Sublime and snowy, great Caucasian king,
Or from the unknown deserts that their breast
Illimitable spread, Tartarian tracts,
Or blander wilds of Araby the blest,
Issues some orlent hord, like desperate beast,
Tiger with radiant stripes, or dazzling pard,
That hunger spurs from out its secret den,
Upon the fertile vales and fruitful plains
About to raven—like a spreading cloud,
Their host unnumbered, by some haughty chief,
Sultana, or Schek, or Akabek, or Khan,
Led with destroying skill—not even then
Ravage more dire than now proclaims the course
Of this unheard-of scourge ycleped Change!
From off the brow of kings it clutches crowns,
And snaps the crosier of denouncing priests,
And tramples on tribunals—hallowed tomes,
Collected reason of a thousand ages,
Hurts to the flames, and calls around on man
To act without example—elict dread!
The great machine of life it seems to stop:
No certain laws control, no certain thoughts
Impel the Being whose long travelled course
The cynosure Experience guided sure.
The pallid student flings away the book
That once was truth, and waits in silent wonder
The future oracles: the artist quits
The art that quitted him—for useless now
The skill is voted: baffled traders find
The wants their fathers fed for many an age
Are, strange to say, exhausted! Patient Labour
Restless becomes, and sickens of the toil
No certain guerdon waits. Study and Skill,
Order's choice offspring, on the teeming breast
Begot of fruitful Prejudice, now shrivel,
Fed by no nursing streams. The world is blank.
The adamant chain of generations—
Its links are broken: nought connects the present
Or with the past or future; men become
But as the summer flies that gild an hour,
Then die and rot. Unto the self-same point
Change and Corruption drive their fatal course,
Barbarity their goal; and when they form
August upon the crumbling shape of earth
First lighted, quick Destruction's subtle seed
Were not more germinant than at this hour,
When bold Subversion, on his crafty face
A gilded visor claps, and dubs himself—
Reform!

A solemn and a sacred thing
We deem a state; upon this holy ark
Not all may rest their hands—but reel his head,
And from his sandals wipe profaning dust,
Must the approaching votary: with awe
And pious caution let him scan if Time
Hath sullied aught its brightness. As we gaze
Upon a father's wound, or dread decay,
With hope as much as fear, and dare to think

That most beneficent and reverend form
Shall yet survive and flourish—but, indeed,
The children of their country now would seize
Their aged sire, and piecemeal hack his frame,
And in some cauldron's magic bubble thrust
The severed members, in the mad belief
That poisonous weeds and spell of muttered power
May nature renovate—this let us learn—
That little virtue lies in forms of rule;
But in the mind and manners of those ruled
Subsists the fate of nations. That same power
That called the heroic Roman from his plough,
And placed him victor in a conquering car,
Saviour of freemen! when young Julius rose,
Becomes the instrument that plants his foot,
Restless for empire, on his country's neck!"

From a quotation displaying altogether so much of power and poetry, we are loath to descend again to our minor and verbal criticisms; but yet we fancy to ourselves that the author will do well to attend to them in the progress of so great a "work." "Shadowy," like "lustrous," seems to be a pet word: we have shadowy mien, shadowy ken, shadowy foes, shadowy breast, &c. &c.; and the earth has all sorts of contradictory epithets applied to it,—such as the doubting earth, the troubled earth, the secret earth, the fathomed earth, the passionate earth, the fallen earth, the eternal earth, &c. Among the new coins we have funny (?) parody, unsoldiered edicts, and others, to which we do not reconcile our taste; and the following brevities will illustrate all the rest we think farther necessary at present in support of our judgment:—

"The Iris to its trembling base
Shook in the air."

"Though when his form with ready reverence bowed
The silver-shielded sprite, the beryl helm
But slightly veiled its plume."

It is for the personal his, otherwise universally used.

"All sense of beauty, and all sights of love,
Drooped off and died."

How could sights die?

"By its gloomy side,
A shivered sceptre lie, and trampled crown;
And on its robes the dust of ages rested,
Crusting the Tyrian purple like a stream
Of frozen lava."

Lie for lay.

"The stalwart Gaul had struck my curule state.
And plucked my beard in the Forum's court."

The last line very bad.

"Lo! no more
The eternal twilight with its blood-red eyes,
As if the tears of centuries had tinged
Those fevered orbs, upon that fatal scene
Gazes no more."

This oversight can be readily corrected; and with it we close. The Epic, it will be seen, needs and deserves some polish. To be elegant is as requisite as to be strong, in this species of composition. It is, consequently, unequal; but it has that within it which leads us to bid the author go on fearlessly, although carefully, and prosper in his great attempt.

Journey to the North of India, overland from England, through Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan. By Lieut. Arthur Conolly. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834. Bentley.

FROM the nature of Lieut. Conolly's travels in his overland journey to India, and its being well known (as, indeed, noticed on several occasions in our *Literary Gazette*) that he had traversed new and interesting ground, and explored new routes, considerable expectation had been formed of the work which is now before us, and which certainly will not disappoint the reader. In August 1829, our enterprising countryman left London, and proceeded into Persia by St. Petersburg, and the usual passage of the Caucasus. Advancing with little delay to Astrabad, he became a sojourner among the Toorkmans; and furnishes many

curious particulars of that wide-spread and remarkable race. But for the present we must request our friends to fancy themselves at once at Herat, where the travellers were well received by Abbas Khan, a nobleman whom they had met at Meshed.* Here the Soomee Moollas are even more zealous than Sir Andrew Agnew; for we are told "they are great disciplinarians, and so zealous, that on Fridays they beat their congregations into the mosques, if they are not disposed to go of their own accord."

Lieut. Conolly was carried to visit the Sirdar, minister of the Shah Kamraun,† the heir of the Afghan monarchy at Herat. "Their introducer," says the narrative, "leading us down into the court below, bade us stay there while he went to speak privately with the minister. During the half hour that we were kept here, the court was gradually filled by those who had influence enough to obtain the entrée; and some feroshes, bringing in bundles of long willows, cut them into proper lengths, and threw them into a basin that occupied the centre of the court, to keep fresh till any one should be ordered to receive the bastinado."

They were, however, well received, and promised the protection of this great man. They next visited their host, Abbas Khan; and the account is characteristic of the intelligence of these gentry:—

"My coming," our traveller relates, "caused the conversation to turn upon Frang, which they understood to be a different country from that inhabited by the Oroos. In comparison with the Russian, I found that neither my countrymen nor the people of any other European nation were considered of consequence: indeed some conceived from his title, Imperator-e-Azum, 'The Supreme Emperor,' that the Russian autocrat gave the law to the kings of Europe. Wonderful things were asserted of the Oroos, particularly about their military deeds. Shumshooddeen Khan, who engrossed much of the conversation, among other things, told the company that no fort could hold out against this people; for that they never stopped at a ditch, marching soldiers into it until it was filled, and so on over their heads to the storm: and our host, whom I had credited for better sense, said he understood that on a certain occasion provisions falling short in his army, the General-e-Oroos gave orders that fifty thousand men should be killed and served out as rations. 'Allah ho Rubbee!' ejaculated an old Affghaan gentleman, 'God is my protector! Is it possible? why they are cannibals, and must have a larger army than Timour had.' I could scarcely believe Abbas Khan was not speaking in jest; but he seemed quite serious, and I

* For Meshed itself we would refer to Mr. Frazer's excellent account.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Shah Kamraun's actual rule extends westward to a little beyond Rosamuck, and for about two hundred and twenty-four miles on the road to Candahar. The Belooches care so little for his authority, that they come from the south and infest this road; and northward, it may be a question, whether his influence extends to the Murgahab river. Sheer-dil and Poor-dil Khans are dead; and the province of Candahar is now held by three younger brothers of the family—Cohon-dil, Raheem-dil, and Meher-dil Khans, men who are only notorious for their bad qualities. In bright contrast to these is Dost Mohammed Khan, now the eldest of the family, who governs at Caubul. Ameer Mohammed Khan, another brother, who rules at Ghurni, bears a fair character. His troops are included in those of Dost Mohammed Khan. There are some other brothers at Jellallahad, who have eight hundred or a thousand horse. Peshawar is held by Sooltan Mohammed, Peer Mohammed, and Syud Mohammed Khans, also brothers of the family; but the inhabitants of the latter place, having suffered from the visitation of the Sikhs, must be desirous to see the end of a power, which, while it is strong enough to oppress them, is not able to protect them from foreign enemies. Kamraun proposed to invade and recover Candahar at the time our countryman was among them.

really believe mentioned the anecdote to illustrate the discipline of the Russian army: certainly his company credited his story: but what bounds can be set to the credulity of men who believe that the Chinese are such skilful mechanics, that they can make horses which will go for two or three days, and sell them as real animals? We were gravely told of a person who married a Chinese wife made of paste-board and springs, and who only found out the cheat three days after the wedding."

Persian Khorassan, of which Heraut, containing about 45,000 souls, is the chief place, has great capabilities, but is now in a deplorable condition, having been rendered desert by the turbulence of the chieftains and the inroads of the Toorkmans. Heraut the author thus describes—"The city itself is, I should imagine, one of the dirtiest in the world. Many of the small streets, which branch from the main ones, are built over, and form low dark tunnels, containing every offensive thing. No drains having been contrived to carry off the rain which falls within the walls, it collects and stagnates in ponds which are dug in different parts of the city. The residents cast out the refuse of their houses into the streets, and dead cats and dogs are commonly seen lying upon heaps of the vilest filth. In a street which we were obliged to pass through to get at the bazaar, lay for many days a dead horse, surrounded by bloated dogs, and poisoning the neighbourhood with its unwholesome effluvia. More could be said about the bestiality of the citizens, but, as it is not a choice theme, I will not enlarge upon it. 'Rum ust'—'It is the custom,' was the only apology I heard from those even who admitted the evil: my wonder was how they could live; but, as the Ankhoondzadeh observed, 'the climate is fine, and if dirt killed people, where would the Affghans be?' Candahar is quite as dirty a place; and Caubul, the 'city of a hundred thousand gardens,' is said to be little better."

Without entering into the politics of the Affghaan state, whether Kamraun, with whose interests those of the Suddozye tribe and all the old Doorraunee families are connected, shall be restored to the throne; or the independence of the nation shall be exposed to be sacrificed to the Persians; we will march on the way not pursued by any former European with the travellers, and come first where "Synd Muheen was met by his brother-in-law and two or three relations, a brace of household slaves, and the other male domestics of the family, who received him with much ceremony, and led the way into the interior, where the same forms of welcome were repeated. 'She raughe! she juree!—be khiree!—salamate!—she juree! be khiree salamatee! be juree! be khiree!' &c. 'You are welcome! you are opportunely come, happily, and in good season; you are welcome, you are happily come, you are welcome,' &c. terms all of nearly the same signification, which are exchanged with much gravity several times by all Affghans who meet after a few days of separation. Synd Muheen and his brother-in-law met upon terms of equality, and hugged each other 'à l'Affghaan,' by pressing shoulder to shoulder; but the lowest menial in the house offered his respectful welcome, and was kindly answered by the master: nor were the complimentary inquiries restricted to the person of Muheen Shah, for the state of his attendant followers was also asked after, through their master; he with the utmost gravity turning to each man to inquire how he felt himself. 'Lulloo, you are well? Muttoo? Anzul?'—and Lulloo, Muttoo, and Anzul, nodding their

heads in the affirmative, and ejaculating each 'Shookr Ullah,' he felt himself at liberty to answer for their respective healths. The manner in which all this was done was amusing to a stranger; but as an instance of national manners, it spoke well for the people, and it called to mind the history we read of the 'good old times' in our own country, when masters treated their servants more as if they conceived them to be fashioned out of the same clay, and the latter repaid the courtesy with affection tempered by respect. Our friend had talked much to me on the road about his second wife, and I expected to see him make at once for the 'underoon,' to be welcomed by her; but etiquette would not allow him to betray a desire to see his lady, until he had sat a due time with the males of the family—in such superior estimation are men held in these barbarous countries! As we rode along in the morning, we had been considering the merits of our respective countrywomen, and my friend, I thought, had displayed a very gallant feeling for the sex in general; I therefore took the liberty of asking him why he did not hasten to salute his wife. 'What! before my brother-in-law?' was the answer, 'that would never do.' Now the man professed to be very fond of his wife, and I know did not care a rush for his brother-in-law, for he cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with him.

'He is my relation,' were his words, 'tis true, and under obligations to me; but, though his tongue is smooth, his heart is not better than any body else's, so do not trust him with many of your secrets.' This relation, Synd Syfooddeen (or the sword of religion, called 'for short' Synd Syfoo) made a great dinner for us, and we sat down to it in the evening, more than twenty persons of all degrees. The host was, I imagine, very much the man that Muheen Shah described him, except that he was a fanatic, and any thing but smooth-tongued when discussing religious topics. On seeing Karamut Allee and his protégé, he guessed that they were Sheahs, and set himself to work to prove them; but he met his match in Karamut Allee, who was too well versed in the tenets of the Soonees to be taken unawares, and he led the prayers and traced his descent from the best branch of the orthodox Syuds, with a self-possession that quite baffled his inquisitor, who, still unconvinced, changed his battery, and began to heap maledictions upon the sect of Allee; sentiments which my friend echoed with perfect sang froid, and which his protégé assented to for safety's sake. I pitied the latter, knowing that his feelings would be much hurt; but he made himself some amends afterwards; for, when we retired to rest, and he had laid himself snugly under his coverlid, he spent half an hour in muttering the bitterest curses on the three first Caliphs, and on all who might follow them, without reserve, and doubtless went to sleep with a mind much relieved. Once upon the subject of religion, Synd Syfoo would not let it rest; and next he attacked me, by asking if my countrymen did not eat hogs. Seeing the company look very much disgusted, I shook my head, in the hope that they would not believe in the possibility of such a thing; but here I reckoned without my host; for Synd Syfoo had been at Bombay, and hastened to insist upon it that he had seen a hog being prepared for the food of the Feringee soldiers; 'they had him in a tub,' he explained; 'they had cut his throat from ear to ear, and were shaving him with hot water.' The credit of my nation was at stake, and in such a case veracity would have been a fault; so I boldly corrected him, by saying that we had indeed a low caste of men who partook

of swine's flesh, but that no *ashroff*—no gentleman—among us, ate pig; and Synd Muheen cleverly nodding assent to this, and adding that I was a gentleman of the first order, and an altogether clean person, who did not even drink wine, I more than recovered the ground which I had lost.

"The far-famed Syuds of Pisheen are divided into three classes: the Shádeezye, Hyderzye, and Kerbolah-e. The Shádeezyes call themselves the first, though I imagine the Hyderzyes make as much of themselves; but neither admit the Kerbolah-ees to any thing like an equality; for, as the credit of their supernatural virtues is valuable, they are anxious to share it with as few as possible."

Of their interior and domestic affairs the account is very curious and entertaining:—

"Muheen Shah and I had become so very intimate, that he did not scruple to tell me all his secrets. It is impossible that a man can live with the weight of an unshared grievance upon his breast; and my friend, perhaps feeling himself safer with me than with his own people, was glad of an opportunity of relieving his mind confidentially; at least he always appeared much lighter when he had said out his say. Nor did he, on other occasions, scruple to talk about domestic matters when he saw that they amused and interested me. Womanhood is a delicate topic to discourse upon with a Mohumudan; but Muheen Shah had received kindness at the hands of two or three ladies of gentlemen with whom he had dealt in the course of his professional wanderings in British India, and had seen much of the freedom of our life; therefore he was not in the least shocked or ashamed to answer me when I inquired about the customs of the females of his country. His 'Asherut khanum'—(lady of delight)

'The loved of all others, whose smile was the light
That lit up his harem, his beauteous and bright,'

was, he told me, at Caubul; a beautiful creature of thirteen (my friend was some eight and forty years old), whom he would really shew me, English fashion, if ever I came to Caubul. Once set the Shah upon the theme of this love, and there was scarcely a possibility of diverting his thoughts; she was so beautiful and graceful—I forget his extravagant smiles—so every thing that was perfection; and he loved her the more, that he had long wooed and with difficulty won her; for her parents were of high rank, and though, of course, they esteemed him, they thought him not rich enough, or that they might marry her to some one of their own rank, and the mother made a difficulty about his having other wives; but at last they recollected that he was a Peerkhaneh of Shádeezye, and all that, and overcame their scruples: and when at last every thing was settled, he so increased in fat, from very joy, that his clothes would scarcely contain him. His first, rest her soul! had died some years ago, leaving him the pledge which he had shewn me (a dirty little boy); perhaps he should take a fourth a year or two hence: why not? the prophet, Alahissalaam, had four, and offspring were rare things; but still he did not know—the one at Caubul was such a sweet creature! so sweet—that were she to spit in the salt waters of the sea, they would become honey! And then the second one was a good girl at heart:—good when he was near at hand to keep her in order! My friend's method of keeping a woman in order was a striking one. He had occasion one day, he related, to correct his wife, and he took up a bride for the purpose. Unfortunately the

iron bit which was at the end of it swang round and struck her on the side, and then he knew that she was really hurt, for she left off screaming, and lay down upon the ground and moaned. He was very sorry, very sorry indeed, for he never would have struck her to hurt her in such a manner; but he preserved his dignity, and walked away, and moreover he kept aloof from her for two days, when she came and assured him of her humble contrition, and promised not to offend again. 'However,' added the Shah, 'I determined never to strike a woman again except with my hand—never, except with my hand; and I am not sure now that it is not good not to strike a woman at all; for I have seen your countrymen's beebies in India, and they are not beaten;—but then, again, your women have understanding, and do not make fools of themselves.' I took the liberty of asking my friend what fault his wife had committed. 'I will tell you,' said he. 'One day I observed that she wore something hung from her neck, and I told her to shew it to me: she refused, till I became angry; and when she did take it off and shew it, I saw that it was a charm, which she had procured from some one or other, in order to keep me at home. I ordered her to take some water and rub the ink off the paper; but she not only would not obey me, but refused to give it to me even, keeping it fast closed in her hand; so I took up the bridle and threatened her, but still she kept it, saying that I should not travel, but remain at home! What could I do?' 'Do!' exclaimed I, with an indignation which quite astonished the Shah; 'why it was an instance of great affection for you, she wished to retain you near her!' 'Oh, yes!' said he, 'that is all very well; but if I were not to travel, I wonder who would provide for the house, and what would become of the Alikha Malika (children).'

"They profess the strictest morality, and so heinous a crime do they consider adultery, that they generally take the law into their own hands, and punish the offenders with death. A murderer may obtain the refuge which an adulterer cannot, for the law in the one case leaves vengeance to the nearest of kin; while, in the other, it imperatively dictates the punishment; and I was assured that, even had the members of a khail given shelter to a guilty pair, they would not withhold them from an injured party who might come solemnly to demand them. In illustration of their feeling on this point, a late instance of stern principle was related to me in the case of a man whose sister fled to him one evening, pursued by her infuriated husband with a drawn sword. She gained his tent, and, ignorant of her offence, he prepared to defend her at all hazards; but when the injured husband solemnly swore that he had convicted her of adultery, the man became deaf to the pleadings of his sister, and put her forth to her husband, who with one blow of his sword struck her lifeless."

The people generally are also well described in the following:

"The passion for intrigue appears to be inseparable from the character of an Asiatic. Throughout the eastern world it is the main-spring of every action, affairs of state and the petty details of life being alike managed by it; and to such an extent is the feeling carried, that I really think I am justified in saying that, if a man were sure of gaining his point by going straight to it, he would risk the loss of it rather than not work it out by intrigue. A monarch who writes himself the Pole Star, the Grasper, the Asylum, the Father, and what not else of the world, and who is represented as

powerful as Fate, exalted as the Pleiades, and dignified as Jupiter; the sovereign of the age of the world; ruler of the sea and land, who needs but nod his august head to cause those of a thousand of his too fortunate slaves to roll at his feet, has his brain full of plots and stratagems, the greater part of which are as unkingly as superfluous; and below him, from the prime minister to the peasant, affairs of the greatest moment and most trivial consequence must be directed by it; so assiduously do they heap intrigue upon intrigue, that they must sometimes be very much puzzled to know whether they are not plotting against themselves."

Our author had an opportunity of hunting a hyena, but it escaped for the time; and we are told a singular sporting story:—

"I mentioned that it was at first proposed to tie the hyena in his den. It appears a dangerous proceeding; but, according to the accounts of these people, it is not so for a man who has strength and coolness; for the hyena, though a savage beast, is easily frightened; and Syud Daoud was said to have tied three in the course of a day. However, it is of course a very dangerous undertaking for one who cannot sustain great presence of mind, as they testified by mentioning the case of a man who a year or two before had died of a bite that he got in a clumsy attempt. Syud Daoud himself described to me the mode of tying a hyena in his lair, as follows: 'When,' said he, 'you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-knots upon it in your right hand, and, with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know what is the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den; but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually towards him on your knees, and when you are within distance, throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care that he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he covers back, and, though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his two fore-legs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck, and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you do what you like with him. We generally take those which we catch home to the khail, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.' This Syud Daoud was a specimen of a character which I believe was not uncommon in Afghanistan. He cared for nothing but the pleasure of sporting, and from morning till night he would be out tracking wolves or hyenas, coursing, or hawking. He was the idol of the lads of the khail, who thought no honour equal to that of being allowed to accompany him on his excursions; but the elders, though they admired his daring, yet regretted that he was so engaged with field-sports, since he was of the best family, and ought to have been travelling about getting a good name to the khail, instead of wrestling for ever with wild beasts. Muheun Shah was quite pathetic in lamenting his disposition, which he said they had in vain attempted to amend. They had married him to the prettiest girl in the khail, in the hope of making him more domestic; but all for nothing; for he never cared for her, and would persist in being a regular jungle—a wild man."

Salvador, the Guerilla. By the Author of the "Castilian." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

THERE are some epochs which are the very resting-places of romance—periods abounding with that excitement, variety, and wild adventure, which would formerly have attracted the poet, and now form the vantage ground of the novelist. The Peninsular war is just such a time; and Don T. de Trueba has been most judicious in selecting it for his scene of action. Spain being his native country, he has a thousand advantages no foreign writer could have obtained; and we doubt not that the *Guerilla* is a faithful picture. The following scene is a fair specimen of the style. We must premise, that Salvador, one of the most celebrated chieftains, has been taken prisoner, and is on his road to France.

"He was to conduct his prisoners only to Villacastin, where they were to be incorporated with two hundred more, and taken altogether to the dépôts. But he was anxious to fulfil his charge; and this he considered a difficult task, simply on account of the *Guerilla*, whose influence on the country round was very great; and if it were known that he was thus conducted to France, desperate attempts would be made to rescue him from his power. The French captain now gave orders to the lieutenant to proceed, whilst he himself, with a party of about thirty men, remained behind, to take charge of the *Guerilla* and the two men that belonged to his band; the captain halted near, and allowed the soldiers to precede him—speaking a few words in private to his lieutenant previous to their separation. When the prisoners were out of sight, the captain ordered the *Guerilla* to approach. Salvador advanced in deep astonishment, for he could not comprehend what could be the object of their remaining in the rear of the rest of the party. He, nevertheless, advanced with a dauntless step to the captain. 'Sir,' said the Frenchman, 'I regret to have very dismal intelligence to convey; but I must perform my duty. You must suspect the object of our tarrying behind.' 'I do not,' answered the *Guerilla*, composedly. 'Well, then, Don Salvador,' resumed the captain, 'it is my melancholy duty to inform you, that you must prepare to die immediately.' 'What? to die!—Is this just?' 'I obey superior orders, and I am not called upon to question their justice.' 'Why was not I informed of this determination before?' 'I never inquire into affairs that do not concern me. I suppose it was thought more desirable that your death should take place with all possible secrecy.' 'And what crime is laid to my charge?' The captain gave no answer, for he perceived the difficulty of supplying one consistent with reason and justice. It was evident that, in depriving the *Guerilla* of life, they could impute no further guilt to him than that of waging a fierce contest against the enemies of his country. The captain had received instruction to put Salvador and his two men to death, if he perceived the remotest shadow of a probability that a rescue might be attempted; and he acted upon this idea.

"It was a desperate effort to part with existence at that moment—the *Guerilla* had momentarily forgotten the spirit of his warlike disposition, as images of love, and peace, and quiet happiness, obtruded on his mind. He seemed, for a moment, to bestow the parting embrace of love and affliction on his disconsolate bride and despairing mother, and his countenance was darkened with an expression that bespoke the intensity of his emotion.

"Come, the time is over," said the captain. '*Maldito gabacho!* What a hurry he is in!' mumbled Cabrito, who had been occupied with his devotions; then, turning to his chief, he added, in an under-tone—'Alas! Señor, there is no chance—I perceive no one coming to our deliverance—we shall be butchered like dogs.' 'Think not of escape now, my good friend,' said the Guerilla, in a solemn tone. 'The moment for such illusion is no more; rather employ the fleeting time that remains in preparing to meet your fate as becomes a true Spaniard and a Christian.' 'Come, sir!' repeated the captain, addressing the Guerilla. 'I am ready!' returned Montalvan, with pride and composure—'lead on.' The soldiers formed for the fatal ceremony, and the three victims were marched to a rising ground. 'Your handkerchief,' said the French officer to the Guerilla. 'No, sir; allow me not to have my eyes bound—I am not afraid to look death in the face.' 'Well—I will not insist.' 'You will see that my last moments shall not disgrace my previous existence.' The Guerilla and his two companions then knelt on one knee, and the soldiers were ordered to prepare. 'One moment, and all will be over!' said the Guerilla, and then added, with emotion—'Oh! my country, may my blood and that of so many noble patriots serve to nourish the tree of liberty, and may that tree flourish in all its former glory and beauty!' He then collected his thoughts, and in respectful silence awaited the stroke of fate. There was a moment of awful pause—the next the word to fire was given—a report of musketry rolled on the tranquil air—a spreading smoke veiled for a moment the smiling aspect of nature, and groans of pain responded to the fearful reports. The second line of French soldiers was now on the point of firing on the victims, who were not quite dead, when their attention was distracted by a sudden and unexpected event. A shot issued from a defile near the spot where they were standing—another followed in quick succession: one of the soldiers fell—the others stood for a moment as if fixed to the ground—suddenly a loud clamour burst on the death-like silence that reigned. '*Viva España!*' cried several voices. '*¡ellos!*' said another, in authority. Presently were seen the fierce-looking forms of two guerillas. Their eyes glistened with fury as they were hurrying on to the scene of action—another followed closer—then three or four more. '*Morbleu! les voilà!*' cried the French captain in consternation: 'as I apprehended, here come the brigands. Thank Heaven, I was cautious enough to despatch their brethren in time—but they are not quite dead. Soldiers, put them out of torture.' The soldiers, however, did not heed their chief—they had a more pressing business to attend to—the stimulus of personal danger called their attention to prepare for defence. At this moment a youth, who appeared to command the party, made his appearance: it was Camilo—he led the charge with extraordinary courage. A desperate conflict ensued: the guerilla band was composed of about twenty men, but they had come so suddenly on the enemy, that the French were very soon thrown into confusion. The attack of the guerilla was prompt—fierce—headlong: a murderous fire opened the contest, and then they all rushed forward like enraged tigers on their prey. The conflict was short, but hot and fierce; as the adversaries were close to each other, every shot took effect; then the charge with the bayonet, sabre, and dagger (for the party did not observe any regular rules of fighting), produced much bloodshed among the

French. Some took to flight; the captain, and about half a dozen that remained alive, cried out for quarter, which was granted them, and the combat was at an end. Meantime Camilo, the leader of the party, had cast an anxious look around. 'Tis too late!' he shrieked, and then rushed to the spot where the three Spaniards were weltering in their blood. There was a wildness in the gaze of Camilo, and an expression of unutterable pain in his features, that forcibly struck his companions: they knew that he was faithfully attached to his chief, but they had never yet seen such overwhelming grief and despair displayed by the hardy and manly nature of a soldier. Camilo rushed towards Salvador, and examined him with a kind of desperate avidity of hope. 'He lives!' cried he, with an expression of wild joy, 'he lives!'

Love, friendship, battle, murder, and sudden death—all the horrors of a campaign, when the warfare is brought home to your own fire-side—such are the events which these pages delineate; completely, it must be allowed, out of the ordinary track of the modern novel.

Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse. 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1834. Moxon.

WHAT a pleasant volume! We have met with some of its parts before; but they seem to be improved by a contrast in our minds with the quantity of nothingness we have read since. The whole prose matter (and to-day we will leave the verse alone) has as little of author as the countryman said Garrick had of actor. It is the delightful and instructive writing of a cultivated mind upon ordinary occasions and subjects; and the sound sense and elegant literature with which they are treated, afford a great treat for judgment and taste to appropriate. From the previous assignment of some of the letters, we have no hesitation in fixing the authorship on Mr. Richard Sharpe, the friend of Fox and of Canning—[why did he vote against the latter in the division on his Lisbon Mission?!]—and a man of those striking talents which led to great expectations from his parliamentary career; which were, we believe, disappointed at a period when members were withheld from oratorising, unless they felt at the sticking-place that they possessed not only profound intelligence, but also great powers of eloquence, and a capacity to set questions in a clearer and more convincing light than had been done by others. In those days every representative was not *ex officio* a sage and an orator; but things went on much as they do now when a Mr. Sharpe would be, if he pleased to exercise his endowments, a very distinguished M.P.

Some of the compositions in this volume are half a century old; and the writer says, "Several of his letters having been published without his knowledge, he has thought it best to print a few others, both in prose and verse. Being, of course, in the possession of his friends, they might (however insignificant) appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them; and the dates of some will shew that he has no time to lose:

'Vesper * * admonuit.'

There is nothing insignificant in any page. On the contrary, the whole is truly an enjoyment of the *dulce et utile*, such as belonged to other and better times of literature.

We will only instance this by a few brief selections, drawn from the illustrations of many topics delightfully discussed; and, first, a pregnant anecdote:—

"The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said

to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, 'Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.'

Advice to the Young.—'There are always kind friends enough ready to preach up caution and delay, &c. &c. Yet it is impossible to lay down any general rules of a prudential kind. Every case must be judged of after a careful review of all its circumstances; for if one, only one, be overlooked, the decision may be injurious or fatal. Thus, there ever will be many conflicting reasons for and against a spirit of enterprise and a habit of caution. Those who advise others to withstand the temptations of hope will always appear to be wiser than they really are; for how often can it be made certain that the rejected and untried hazard would have been successful?'

'Do not wait, however; but, as you run along, snatch at every fruit and every flower growing within your reach: for, after all that can be said, youth, the age of hope and admiration, and manhood, the age of business and of influence, are to be preferred to the period of extinguished passions and languid curiosity. At that season our hopes and wishes must have been too long dropping, leaf by leaf, away. The last scenes of the fifth act are seldom the most interesting either in a tragedy or a comedy. Yet many compensations arise as our sensibility decays—

'Time steals away the rose 'tis true,
But then the thorn is blunted too.'

Though I like much better than these humiliating thoughts the spirit of Montaigne's sturdy determination, '*Les ans peuvent m'entraîner, mais à réculons!*'

Simile.—'Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.'

Satire and Malevolence.—'Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true; but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. They who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them.'

On visiting acquaintance there are some shrewd and just remarks:—

'It is not unusual to hear lamentations, as unreasonable as the lady's, from simple people, who have been disappointed in expecting aid or sympathy from those whom the courtesy of the world calls 'friends.' None but the inexperienced look for real services from merely fashionable connexions. They are like roughly painted pictures, to be kept at a distance. It is understood, that people are to be charmed with each other, just so long as it is amusing to meet, but not an hour longer. Adversity not only lowers people's spirits and renders friends dull, but too often it has the unpardonable effect of taking away the means of receiving others in return. The friendships of the world lie chiefly in frequent visits and in joint subscriptions to a club, or to an opera-box; but as for the mutual self-sacrifices, so delicious to heartfelt affection, it is perfectly ridiculous to rely upon such things from such persons, or to cry out when they are refused. 'Nam ille ambitiosæ fucusque amicitiæ sunt in quodam splendore forensi, fructum domesticum non habent.' Who does not know how much or how little is meant when a correspondent signs himself 'your humble servant,' and assures you that 'he is ever most faithfully yours?' The fate of those whose talents raise them suddenly to reputation, is particularly

hard. The blaze of a successful first appearance, on the stage, or in parliament, attracts the eyes of all the world. The very domestic ladies who delight in being 'at home,' immediately throw open their doors to the petted, and too often the spoiled child, of the season. The vogue lasts throughout the spring, and then 'farewell,' perhaps, 'for ever' to the shower of flattering notes and pressing invitations. This is bad enough in the world; but the deserted dupes are often most to be blamed, who mistake notoriety for fame, and curiosity for affection."

The following is also very just:—

"Even sensible men are too commonly satisfied with tracing their thoughts a little way backwards; and they are, of course, soon perplexed by a profound adversary. In this respect, most people's minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without their roots. It may be said of morals and of literature, as truly as of sculpture and painting, that to understand the outside of human nature, we should be well acquainted with the inside."

And the annexed, on genuine philanthropy, is charmingly true:—

"It appears to me indisputable that benevolent intention and beneficial tendency must combine to constitute the moral goodness of an action. To do as much good, and as little evil as we can, is the brief and intelligible principle that comprehends all subordinate maxims. Both good tendency and good will are indispensable; for conscience may be erroneous as well as callous, may blunder as well as sleep. Perhaps, a man cannot be thoroughly mischievous unless he is honest. In truth, practice is also necessary, since it is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one. It is not quite so easy to do good as those may imagine who never try."

The next few words convey a striking truth:

"The end sought for is seldom or never the immediate stimulus to action."

But we must quote something more at length to illustrate the writer's (prophetic?) intelligence; and we take a topic of much importance now—"political agitations:—"

"A French gentleman said to Monsieur Colbert—'You found the state-carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other.' This was probably untrue; but it must be confessed, that there is always some danger of destroying institutions by unskilful or violent changes. A conflagration may be extinguished without a deluge. It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers: one man calls out 'Fire,' that he may save the house; another, that he may run away with the furniture. I am inclined to believe, that in revolutions more harm is done by hurry and self-conceit, than by mischievous purposes. Very few, indeed, should presume to lay their hands on the ark; but

*Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;

and, unluckily,

*A down-hill reformation rolls apace.'

When honest men infer from their desire to do good, that they have the knowledge and talents requisite to govern wisely, it is incalculable what evil-doers they may innocently become! What an eternal shock of purposes where each man pursues his own crude schemes with all the obstinacy of self-satisfied integrity! Yet, to leave serious grievances imperfectly redressed, or indisputable improvements unattained, mere-

ly through a vague apprehension of innovation, is at once a great and a common evil. There is much truth in Bacon's complaint, that 'Some men object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home.' Even moderation itself may sometimes be folly or cowardice. On the Exclusion-bill being opposed in the House of Commons, Colonel Titus exclaimed both wisely and eloquently: 'We are advised to be moderate; but I do not take moderation to be a prudential virtue in all cases. If I were flying from thieves, should I ride moderately, lest I break my horse's wind? If I were defending my own life, or the lives of my wife and children, should I strike moderately, lest I put myself out of breath? And if, Mr. Speaker, we were in a sinking ship (no unapt representation of our decaying commonwealth), ought we to pump moderately, lest we bring on a fever?' Gradual improvements, notwithstanding, are not only safer but better than sudden ones; and more, much more, may be learned from their example, when well recorded: but history is addicted to dwell on the latter, and rarely investigates the former. Their effects also are more permanent and more extensive; anarchy being only the stakeholder for tyranny. There is, besides, something more terrible to the imagination in the disorderly violences of the multitude, than in the organised oppression of a despot; something more hideous in myriads of reptiles, than in a gigantic beast of prey. If there were no alternative but either the absolute government of St. Giles's or of St. James's, who in his senses could hesitate a moment which to prefer? Besides its other innumerable benefits, a really representative government has the advantage of exempting individual persons from the necessity of becoming political agitators; and, by increasing the competition while it diminishes the rewards, it lessens the numbers of those who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract, a living, or a stall, a ship, or a regiment, a seat on the bench, or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes, the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt, to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election."

Perhaps it may not be amiss to revive other sentiments and opinions, which seem, though recent, to be forgotten in our busy age:—

"It is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar effect results in a free country from its elections, where the haughtiest are obliged to go hat in hand begging favours from the lowliest. Nor should the lofty be ashamed, for it has so happened that the best benefactors of the human race have been poor men; such as Socrates and Epaminondas; such as many of the most illustrious Romans, and the inspired founders of our faith. Among the North American Indians a wish for wealth is even now considered as unworthy of a brave man, and the chief is

often the poorest man of the tribe. Mr. Burke says truly, 'The people maintain the government, and not the government the people. The rich are the pensioners of the poor. They are under an absolute hereditary and indefensible dependence on those who labour. That class of dependent pensioners called the rich is so extremely small, that if their throats were cut, all they consume in a year would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labour.'"

And here, with our hearty recommendations of this acceptable volume, we conclude; not thinking ourselves entitled to take more from it, though it is rich. Witness the moral in one of our author's anecdotes:—

"I have heard that a gentleman, to whom an estate had been bequeathed, called up his servants and addressed them thus:—'Ladies and gentlemen! I hope you will have the goodness to remember that I have got only one more estate of one thousand pounds per annum, and I beg that every one of you will not be spending at that rate.'"

A Year at Hartlebury; or, the Election. By Cherry and Fair Star. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley. London, 1834.

A YEAR at Hartlebury, and a very lively and amusing year it is—full of real scenes, and real earnest people, mixed up with a very melodramatic story and dénouement. Every one will be able to write the name of some acquaintance or other under the following sketches.

"Within the last six years a new mansion had risen in the parish of Hartlebury. A Mr. Gainsborough purchased a large farm, which was quickly converted into a modern Gothic tenement of most ancient appearance, bearing the euphonious title of Oakfield Lodge. The fields soon became paddocks—already the paddocks emulated a park. Mr. Gainsborough was a man of humble origin, who, by unwearied industry and good fortune, had amassed in trade what is styled a very handsome property. He was an honest man, with an exact, precise mind. He took kindly to his new mode of life, busied himself with his plantations, and rode three times in the week to the neighbouring town. He became a great politician, read every paper with maps by his side, and all the articles on foreign policy in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. He began to have a tolerably exact idea of the Turkish empire just when it was on the point of being dismembered; and could put his finger, without a moment's hesitation, on the situation of Egypt. He was astonished, not at his past ignorance, but at his present infinite knowledge; and believing that every body had the same want of it, he became rather too fond of enlightening others. His wife was one of those quiet, insipid women who can be equally happy any where. Not because they have tastes and resources for all situations, but simply because they are totally devoid of any."

The ensuing dinner is a very actual occurrence.

"The general conversation was not very remarkable. Mrs. Gainsborough only talked to her servants in an agitated and audible whisper. Her anxious eye glanced in all directions, detected every body's wants, and anticipated every body's necessities. 'Graham, soup to Miss Molesworth—Graham, Mrs. Latimer's plate—here—there—no—yes—spoon—knives—remove the side-dishes—hand the vegetables—Where's Brown?—nobody should go out of the room—Have not I always told you, if any-

body was in mind, Dr. Brown was waiting wrong, you Mr. Boswell not say I bling one Molesworth you will pague to tured a bring the this dish quired M you will dish, a re de Navar Mrs. Esc must tast deed; qu eating yo Molesworth Gainsborou and find the recei send him thing ver Gainsborou George J Greece. Mr. Mole the Gree anchovies that thei fisheries chance of I believe, air, like a that an Chace, w hearty as same tim sympathy brough versation Mrs. Gra general o finition o in her op and secre give a dir A scen flections, "Then cannot a party am damnator modern s consisting in commo ing of in mon, is guests ar hear man are equal is new. sation ha train of i The doct every ins geny will that is b following or illustra relative. lated pre logarithmic universe, occasional ling phan

body wants any thing, ring the bell? Never mind, Dr. Maxwell; Mr. Arthur Latimer has been waiting this quarter of an hour.—Very wrong, very provoking.—You are too kind, Mr. Boscawen, I always carve myself; I cannot say I admire the modern fashion of troubling one's guests.—With great pleasure, Mr. Molesworth—Sherry, if you please—perhaps you will take Champagne? Graham, Champagne to Mr. Molesworth—(the servant muttered a dissent)—never mind, Mr. George, bring the Champagne directly.' 'What is this dish before me, Mrs. Gainsborough?' inquired Mrs. Escott. 'Let me recommend it; you will find it very nice indeed. A Greek dish, a receipt of George's—we call it Pâté de Navarino.' 'Only think,' exclaimed Mrs. Escott, 'pâté de Navarino! every body must taste pâté de Navarino. Very nice, indeed; quite excellent. Mr. George, I am eating your dish. He is talking so to Miss Molesworth, he does not hear me. Mr. George Gainsborough, I am eating your Greek dish; and find it very excellent. You must give me the receipt for old Philip Escott. I always send him a new receipt, whenever I find any thing very good. Well, I must say, Mrs. Gainsborough, it was very good indeed in Mr. George remembering your receipt-book in Greece. Very handsome of him, was it not, Mr. Molesworth?' 'I always understood that the Greeks never eat any thing but olives and anchovies,' said Mr. Molesworth; 'and now that their groves were cut down, and their fisheries destroyed, that you stood a very good chance of going without a dinner. And yet, I believe, Mr. Chace, a patriot cannot live on air, like a chameleon, though he may resemble that animal in some other respects.' Mr. Chace, who was a staunch Tory, smiled a hearty assent, and took a glass of wine at the same time with Mr. Molesworth, from mere sympathy. This new dish of George Gainsborough was the peg on which the whole conversation of the dinner was suspended; and Mrs. Gainsborough, delighted at hearing a general clatter of tongues, which was her definition of a party going off well, was confirmed in her opinion of the excellence of her cookery, and secretly determined that she would never give a dinner without a pâté de Navarino."

A scene is nothing now-a-days without reflections, and we shall therefore add them also. "There is no doubt, it must be confessed, it cannot any longer be concealed, that a dinner-party among us country folks must incur the damnatory, though not very elegant, verdict of modern society,—it is 'a great bore.' A party, consisting of individuals who have not an idea in common is bad enough; but a party consisting of individuals, all whose ideas are in common, is infinitely more wearisome. All the guests are quite certain that, though they may hear many things that are disagreeable, they are equally sure of not hearing any thing that is new. Every possible combination of conversation has been previously experienced, every train of ideas has exploded a thousand times. The doctrine of their association is demonstrated every instant. You know exactly what progeny will be born to every particular opinion that is broached; you are quite aware of the following anecdote that will confirm the truth or illustrate the amusement of its preceding relative. Conversation proceeds with the regulated precision of the machine for calculating logarithms. But as the sublime system of the universe, in spite of all its divine regularity, is occasionally enlivened or deranged by the startling phantoms and eccentric courses of a comet,

so an occasional visitor sometimes diversifies these provincial banquets, and marvellous is the effect which he produces. If he be amusing, he is well repaid for his rare talent, and its amiable exercise. His listeners are universal. Unlike fine people in London, who are always ashamed to appear amused, we never think of concealing that we are delighted. And, after his departure, a very apotheosis awaits him. He is quoted, applauded, imitated—his opinions become dogmas, his stories traditions, his manners unquestioned fashion. Certainly we are very amiable in the provinces; but as every body laughs at us, I suppose we are very dull. I think that in our less formal assemblies we may, perhaps, be rather more captivating. I often observe that a meeting which is unpremeditated is often much more agreeable. A summer evening stroll, which ends in 'taking tea' at a neighbour's, with the drawing-room windows open, music, the perfume of flowers, and rosy light—we are sometimes seen, I think, to advantage under such circumstances, and always look better in our shawls and bonnets than in the elaborate coiffure and splendid costumes of our banquets, where the dresses, like the fish, seem as if they had come down from town express."

A popular person, and the pleasure of returning home.—"It was late before the gentlemen returned. They had been detained by Lord Courtland, and by Lord Courtland's polite attentions, which were very famous. The Earl of Courtland was the great man of the county—he was the lord-lieutenant, and piqued himself on being universally popular. Indeed he possessed all the requisites to secure popularity to an earl. He had a quick sight, and a long memory; and not being burdened with much knowledge, or given to much reflection, he had always a ready head for all the minute affairs of the world. He never forgot a person he had once seen; he never forgot the name, not only of the person he addressed, but of every member of his family. If a man married a daughter, Lord Courtland never failed to congratulate him; if he lost his wife, his lordship never asked after her. These delicate attentions, Lord Courtland flattered himself, had met with their due reward; he believed that he had reached the *juste milieu* between dignity and affability. The first appearance of a person of Mr. Bohun's consequence was a great event, and his lordship thought it incumbent on himself to make a great sensation on the occasion. He wished all the country to be aware of the gracious manner in which he had received Mr. Bohun, and of the very handsome way in which he at once considered him as a friend. He overwhelmed his unconscious protégé with a thousand civilities, and would not allow the party to return home without visiting his castle, which carried them at least three miles out of their road. They returned, therefore, very weary and very hungry; and Helen's observing eye quickly detected that her father looked as if he had been bored to death. Dinner was, however, soon ready, and brought with it that consolation which a good dinner seldom fails to bestow on the hungry and the weary. Mr. Molesworth was by no means insensible to the *delicia* of the table; and to-day, as the soup was good, and the *matelote* well concocted, and the pheasants not without flavour, and the wine in excellent order, Helen had soon the pleasure of seeing his smiles and his philosophy return; and before the close of the dinner, the mention of Lord Courtland's name only elicited a little gentle badinage. Mr. Bohun and Mr. Latimer were men of the

most opposite character, which we trust our readers will have in some slight degree detected; but on this occasion, as they joined Miss Molesworth's tea-table, they were both meditating on the same subject, in a state of the most perfect, though unconscious agreement—they were both thinking of the charms of woman's society, and of the horror of having been condemned for two whole days to the company of men. It was to this happy change they both ascribed their more agreeable sensations at the present moment—and far be it from me, a woman, to insinuate that they were mistaken. The soft carpets and the downy couches of Mr. Molesworth's drawing-room, and his rich Burgundy, and his bright claret, would not in themselves have been more agreeable than the dust and bustle of the town-hall, and the greasy cookery and the hot Port of the ordinary dinner, if it had not been for Helen's graceful attentions, and Helen's sweet smiles."

The title-page of the work just describes what it is—a clever and entertaining diary of a year passed in pleasant country society, wrought into a story by the usual process of love-making. The year, however, is well chosen; for it is only one now and then that can boast of a murder and an election.

TUTTI FRUTTI.

[Second notice.—Dr. Tavernier.]

It is by no means necessary to travel far in order to meet with something remarkable. During a visit which I lately made to Leipzig (says the Prince) for the purpose of seeing my much-esteemed friend the Prussian General Baumgärtner, I met at his table a highly interesting person, whom I beg leave to introduce to the acquaintance of my readers.

He was no other than the French captain of the guards, Dr. Emir, Chan Alcibiades de Tavernier, grandson of the celebrated traveller of that name, and himself even a greater traveller than his renowned ancestor.

Having been restored to health from severe wounds which he had received in the great battle of Leipzig, M. de Tavernier resolved to renounce the military career, and, in pursuance of a long-cherished inclination, to devote himself to the study of medicine and surgery.

Having completed his studies, he commenced his extensive travels in Africa and Asia, especially through Egypt, Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Persia, the ancient empire of the Great Mogul, Armenia, and by far the most remarkable portion in the vast and almost entirely unknown regions of Central Asia, as far as the wall of China. Thence he traversed Chinese Tartary to Kiachta, and at last returned, by way of the new Russian military road through Siberia, to Europe, where he had the misfortune to suffer shipwreck as it were in sight of port. On approaching the gate of Bucharest, where he at present resides, he was attacked by a band of robbers, who carried off the greater part of his effects, collections, and papers. With his son, a boy of ten years of age, who fired a gun from the carriage at the leader of the band, and killed him, he was left almost lifeless on the spot; he was wounded in ten different places, and recovered slowly and with great difficulty.

The singular details of these travels, which often seem to border upon the marvellous, surpass in variety the most interesting romance, while they promise the most valuable acquisitions to science. At one time we see the hero, like Marco Polo, the favourite and minister of a mighty Tartar prince, and raised by him to a princely dignity; at another, devoted to a romantic passion for the pride of the harem of his

new master, encountering the greatest dangers, and obtaining ultimate success; here commanding armies and giving battles; there, again, appearing as the leader of savage hordes, among which he discovered the aboriginal breed of the horse of Central Asia, which is said to excel all the Arabian races; and, again, when inventing a new conductor, which seems destined to supersede that of Franklin.

As we hope soon to be favoured with a more detailed account of this distinguished traveller from his own pen, we shall content ourselves (and this chiefly for the purpose of drawing the attention of the public to the work itself) with adding merely a few general particulars respecting Dr. Tavernier.

The principal object that induced him to visit the same quarter of the globe which had illustrated the life of his grandfather, was to form, by accurate personal observation, a fixed system on the nature of the plague, and similar disorders. According to the opinion of Dr. Tavernier, if we rightly comprehend it, the ground of the form which it assumes may be considered as lying more in the juices of the body itself than as originating in contagion, which is rather only the occasional cause of the manifestation of the disease; "for," he says, "I have more than once seen contagion produce, in the same forms of disease, here the yellow fever, there the plague, and there the cholera, merely according to the difference of the individual dispositions. For this reason I even then called that singular scourge *le fléau tri-céphale*; when I, at the same time, discovered in the mountains of Mongolia, which no European had ever before visited, the secret that snow and ice are the real specifics against every form of this disease; and I there delivered entire hordes from it, merely by leading them from the plain into the middle icy regions.

"Surrounded by those sublime scenes of nature, proud and happy at one of the most salutary discoveries for the welfare of the human race, I wrote in my memorandum-book the lines which my friends have placed under my portrait, lithographed at Leipzig:

Aux montagnes de la Mongolie,
Je vis, dans vos frimas, l'âme du feu vital,
Et lui fis fondroyer le fléau tri-céphale . . .
Dela ma bienfaisance et précieuse carrière,
Put désormais briller d'une douce lumière."

It was principally among these mountains, and on the eastern bank of Lake Aral, that the doctor convinced himself that ice is the true antidote against contagion of every kind; and he has since applied it in innumerable cases, not only in the above-mentioned disorders, but also in epilepsy, typhus malignant, bilious and nervous fevers, nay, even in hydrophobia.

He affirms, it was owing to this system alone that the Vienna physicians lately succeeded in saving the young King of Hungary, as he himself had opportunities, while the cholera raged in Vienna and other cities, to convince the most incredulous of the surprising and happy effects of his mode of treatment. He therefore complains bitterly, that so many who have stolen his system, without fully comprehending it, have taken good care not to acknowledge the source to which alone they are indebted for it. This, however, he does not regard; as his object was far less personal renown and advantage, than the welfare of his fellow-creatures, to promote which he devoted his whole life, and had encountered, not without honour, so many dangers.*

* We understand that arrangements have been made for an English translation of M. de Tavernier's expected work, to appear at the same time as the original.—*Ed.*

Life and Poetical Works of Crabbe. By his Son. Vol. III. 12mo. London. Murray. THIS volume has for illustrations a powerfully drawn and most delightful view of Oxford, with the "broad river" Orr, the scene of so many of Crabbe's adventures and fictions; and a graphic vignette of the old crazy manor-house, Parham Hall, where he first made love to Sarah Elmy, and which, in middle life, he inhabited as part-proprietor. This last is a great favourite with us, and will be so with every body that has any relish for the real old rustic architecture, once so richly abundant, now daily becoming rare all over England. The fantastic chimneys, and huge bay-windows, toppling over the antique fish-pond, with its fleet of ducks and geese, give us a perfect conception of the tastes and manners of the hearty yeoman race, that are now all but numbered with the *Have-beens*!

It is a fact, that we live in an age of revolution: there may, we hope and trust there will not be, any violent or ferocious changes in this country; but that we are on the verge, if not already within the circle, of great and sweeping alterations and mutations, in every department of social existence, no observant person can doubt; and it occurs to us, that some fifty years hence, the student of English history will gather from two of the great poets of our own day, their liveliest notions of a state of manners that will have ere then passed away. They will form, right or wrong, their view of what our aristocracy, in its unshorn pride, was, from what? Why, from the latter cantos of *Don Juan*; and they will realise to themselves the condition of our middling and lower classes, chiefly from the poetry of Crabbe. His *Borough*, in particular, presents so broad and comprehensive a portraiture of English life, that we have no doubt it will be studied hereafter with as much care and attention as have ever been bestowed on *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Horace*, and *Juvenal*. Of this great poem, the present volume includes nineteen sections: among others, those devoted to the church, and embracing so many striking sketches of rectors, vicars, and curates—all, as we now find, real living persons of Crabbe's own acquaintance: those on *physic*, so rich in delineations of the tricks of quackery: on *law*, containing such terse satire on low attorneys and village justices: on *elections*, where the poet, with mainly impartial plainness, exposes the dirty doings of Whig and Tory, in such places as his native Aldborough: on *trades*, where he introduces, with such consummate taste and good kind feeling, the famous picture of the entomological weaver. Then the chapter on *INNS* and *CLUBS*—the fates of jolly landlords, and bustling landladies, and pretty barmaids, and aspiring waiters—and the humble merriment of the *smokers*, with the pompous impertinence of the solitary squire in the country club, where we think Crabbe must have had one of Bunbury's best prints in his recollection: and last, not least, the *players*, with all their varieties of bliss and woe, exultation and crawling humility, as annually exhibited by the troop of strollers who used to visit Aldborough in the days of the poet's youth. This brings us down to Letter XIII., from which point the work runs wholly into a series of novels—the exquisitely finished though brief novels of *Sir Denys Brand*, *Blaney*, *Clelia*, *Benbow*, *Squire Asgill*, *Dolly Murray*, the *Schoolmistress*, and the *Parish Clerk Jachin*. These satires and tales are now illustrated by notes, partly from the poet's own MSS., partly by his son and editor, shewing the sources from which many of the

delineations were drawn, and the motives which induced Crabbe to dwell upon particular topics—especially the progress of Methodism; and the miserable consequences of the *workhouse system*, as first established in Suffolk. We are sorry that we cannot afford much space to the present notice, otherwise we should have given copious specimens of the annotation. We must be contented with observing that the old bard had altered many verses in the second and subsequent editions of the *Borough*, and that the readings of the original edition, now given at the bottom of the page, are often about the very best things that Crabbe had ever penned. In over-deference to the careless hints of reviewers, he actually struck out some of his most brilliant pictures. Thanks to his intelligent and tasteful son for having now restored them.

We indulge ourselves with one extract from the sterling poetry itself of this volume. It may furnish some honourable members of the upper house with quotations fully as appropriate as the *Æneid*, or the *Odes* of *Horace*, (those great reservoirs of parliamentary Latin-ity), when the bills touching Liverpool freemen, Warwick, Hertford, and Stafford, are under discussion.

"Yes, our election's past, and we've been free,
Somewhat as madmen without keepers be;
And such desire of freedom has been shewn,
That both the parties wish'd her all their own:
All our free smiths and cobblers in the town
Were loath to lay such pleasant freedom down:
To put the bludgeon and cockade aside,
And let us pass unhurt and undefied."

True! you might then get your party's sign produce,
And so escape with only half th' abuse:
With half the danger as you walk'd along,
With rage and threatening but from half the throng:
This you might do, and not your fortune mend,
For where you lost a foe, you gain'd a friend;
And to distress you, vex you, and expose,
Election-friends are worse than any foes:
The party-curse is with the canvass past.
But party-friendship, for your grief, will last.
Friends of all kinds; the civil and the rude,
Who humbly wish, or boldly dare t' intrude;
These beg or take a liberty to come
(Friends should be free), and make your house their home;

They know that warmly you their cause espouse,
And come to make their boastsings and their bows;
You scorn their meanness, you their words mistrust,
But you must hear them, and they know you must.

One plainly sees a friendship firm and true,
Between the noble candidate and you;
So humbly begs (and states at large the case),
'You'll think of Bobbly and the little place.'
Stillling his shame by drink, a wretch will come,
And prate your wife and daughter from the room:
In pain you hear him, and at heart despise,
Yet with heroic mind your pangs disguise;
And still in patience to the sot attend,
To shew what man can bear to serve a friend.

One enters hungry—not to be denied,
And takes his place and jokes—"We're of a side!"
Yet worse, the proser who, upon the strength
Of his one vote, has tales of three hours' length;
This sorry rogue you bear, yet with surprise
Start at his oaths, and sicken at his lies.

Then comes there one, and tells in friendly way,
What the opponents in their anger say;
All that through life has ver'd you, all abuse,
Will this kind friend in pure regard produce;
And having through your own offences run,
Adds (as appendage) what your friends have done.

Has any female cousin made a trip
To Greta Green, or more venacious slip?
Has your wife's brother, or your uncle's son,
Done aught amiss, or is he thought t' have done?
Is there of all your kindred some who lack
Vision direct, or have a gibbous back?
From your quick name may quips and puns
Be made by these upbraiding Goths and Huns?
To some great public character have you
Assign'd the fame to worth and talents due,
Proud of your praise?—In this, in any case,
Where the brute-spirit may affix disgrace,
These friends will smiling bring it, and the while
You silent sit, and prattle for a mile.

Vain of their power, and of their value sure,
They nearly guess the tortures you endure;
Nor spare one pang—for they perceive your heart
Goes with the cause; you'd die before you'd start!
Do what they may, they're sure you'll not offend
Men who have pledged their honours to your friend!
Those friends indeed, who start as in a race,
May love the sport, and laugh at this disgrace;

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*They have in view the glory and the price,
Nor heed the dirty steps by which they rise;
But ere their poor associates lose the fame,
Though more than partners in the toil and shame.*

Were this the whole, and did the time produce
But shame and toil, but riot and abuse;
We might be then from serious grief exempt,
And view the whole with pity and contempt.

Alas! but here the vilest passions rule:
It is seduction's, is temptation's school;
Where vices mingle in the oddest ways,
The grossest sordid and the dirtiest praise:

Flattery enough to make the vainest sick,
And clumsy stratagems, and seconded trick;
Nay more, your anger and contempt to cause,
Then, while they fish for profit, claim applause:

Bred, bought, and bound, they banish shame and fear;
Tell you they're stanch, and have a soul sincere;
Then talk of honour, and, if doubt's express'd,
Show where it lies, and smite upon the breast!

Among these worthies, some at first declare
For whom they vote: he then has most to spare;
Others hang off—when coming to the post
Is nerving time, and then he'll spare the most:

While some demurring, wait, and find at last
The bidding languish, and the market past;
These will affect all bribery to condemn,
And he it Satan laughs, he laughs at them.

Some too are pious—one desired the Lord
To teach him where 't to drop his little word;
To lend his vote, where it will profit best;
Promotion came not from the east or west:

But at their freedom had promoted some,
He should be glad to know which way 'twould come.
It was a naughty world, and where to sell
His precious charge, was more than he could tell.

'But you succeeded?'—True, at mighty cost,
And our good friend, I fear, will think he's lost:
Luns, horses, chaises, dinners, balls, and notes;
What fill'd their purses, and what drench'd their throats;

The private pension, and indulgent lease,—
Have all been granted to these friends who fleece;
Friends who will hang like burs upon his coat,
And boundless judge the value of a vote.

And though the terrors of the time be past,
There still remain the scatterings of the blast;
The boughs are parted that entwined before,
And ancient harmony exists no more;

The gust of wrath our peaceful seats deform,
And sultry frowns the sighing of the storm:
Those who have gain'd are sorry for the gloom,
But they who lost, unwilling peace should come;

There open envy, here suppress'd delight,
Yet live till time shall better thoughts excite,
And no prepare us, by a six-years' truce,
Again for riot, insult, and abuse.

Our worthy mayor, on the victorious part,
Cries out for peace, and cries with all his heart;
He, civil creature! ever does his best,
To banish wrath from every voter's breast;

But 'tis not he, 'tis not the kinder few,
The mild, the good, who can our peace renew;
A perish humour seeths in every eye,
The warm are angry, and the cool are shy:

There is no more the social bond at whist,
The good old partners are with scorn dismiss'd:
No more with dog and lantern comes the maid,
To guide the mistress when the rubber's play'd;

Sad shifts are made lest ribalds and green
Should at one table, at one time, be seen;
On care and merit none will now rely,
'Tis party sells, what party-friends must buy;

The warmest burgess wears a bodger's coat,
And fashion gains less interest than a vote;
Uncheck'd the victor still his poison vents,
For he too votes, and can command his friends."

We are not at all surprised that the success of this edition of Crabbe should have already been such as to suggest the notion of "Landscapes and Portrait Illustrations" by the Fin-
scape, on the model of those just completed for the complete Byron. The present series is every way worthy of calling out the powers of our noblest artists; and their efforts must command general and lasting approbation.

Greenwich: its History, Antiquities, Improvements, and Public Buildings. By H. Richardson. Pp. 131. London, 1834, Simpkin and Marshall; Greenwich, Richardson.

A JUDICIOUS, correct account of Greenwich, and of the matters signified in the title-page, with several good wood-engravings of churches, &c., especially the frontispiece—a general view, with the College and river. But, to our tastes, the improvements of the town as a place of resort, without the least reference to Lovegrove's admirable fish and white-bait dinners, must require an important omission to be filled

up in the next edition. We will venture to say, that a great majority of visitors would be more attracted thereby than by the Soup Society, or even the Dorcas Provident Institution, of which the particulars are given.

A Sister's Stories. By the Author of "Three Years in Italy," &c. 12mo. pp. 207. Kirkby Lonsdale, 1834, Foster; London, Seeley.

A CAPTIVATING little work for children, with many prints of butterflies, beetles, &c.; and conveying, in a pleasing manner, elementary instructions in entomology.

The Sea Service, &c. 18mo. pp. 160. London, 1834. Limbird.

A LITTLE volume of popular sketches, by the author of "A Year in Spain;" beginning with the origin of ships, and ending with the action of Lake Erie. It is a very entertaining book; and until the writer gets (and it is only for a few pages) upon the naval superiority of his own country, is perfectly authentic in its views of the sea service from the earliest days till now.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Life and Labours. 12mo. Pp. 520. Stephens.

ONE of the many shapes in which the same subject has appeared. A small cost and abundance of matter are the recommendations of this volume to the friends, followers, and admirers of this remarkable man.

The Fulness of Time. By the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, M.A. 8vo. pp. 451. London, 1834, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Nisbet; Oxford, Talboys; Edinb., Waugh & Innes.

THE author, upon extended views of the history of the world and state of mankind, enforces the opinion, that the fulness of time was precisely established at the period of the coming of Christ. On other grounds, he contends for the necessity of a national religion, and consequently for its being supported by, and connected with, the state.

The Protestant Principle of appealing to the Holy Scriptures subversive of Protestant Doctrine, and confirmatory of the Roman Catholic Faith, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 361. London, 1834. Keating and Brown.

A STRENUOUS argument against all the strong-holds of Protestantism, and in favour of our conversion to Catholicism, as the only true faith by which man can be saved.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JOHN BARROW, Esq. in the chair.—Eight fellows were elected; others proposed. There was read a portion of a communication, entitled "Papers descriptive of the countries beyond the north-western frontier of the Bombay Presidency, relating chiefly to the principalities of Joodapoor and Jaysulmur, &c.;" compiled from the notes of Lieut. Burnes, collected in 1829-30, while surveying these countries under the orders of the Bombay government. The author goes into a great variety of minute details, which would not be properly appreciated by the general reader. The first paper contains the introduction; the second describes the mode in which Lieut. Burnes and his companion, Lieut. Holland, constructed a map of the country through which they passed—a work of some difficulty, inasmuch as the travellers judged it prudent to avoid, as much as possible, carrying any instruments or apparatus,

which might excite the suspicions of the people; perambulators, theodolites, &c. were therefore dispensed with. The third portion is a geographical and general description of Parkur, and the desert bordering on it. The conclusion of the paper was deferred till another meeting. Lieut. Burnes was present, and gave a brief but very animated account of several objects of peculiar interest he had met with in the country to which the memoir referred.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 26. Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair.—The following communications were read: 1st, a letter from Mr. Jephson, M.P. addressed to the president, on the changes noticed by the writer in the temperature of a thermal spring at Mallow, principally during the winter months of 1833; 2d, a letter from Mr. Egerton to Mr. C. Lyell, on the means which were employed to change the course of the Kander, and on the detritus deposited in the lake of Thun by that river since its direction has been altered; 3d, a notice, by Col. Sykes, of a collection of fossils made by Capt. Smee in Cutch; 4th, a paper on the gravel and alluvial deposits on the surface of the old red sandstone in parts of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, with an account of the Travertine of South-stone Roch in the latter county, by Mr. Murchison.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.

F. BAILY, Esq. in the chair.—Among other points of less interest, the report of the council stated that the planetary ephemeris computed under the direction of Lieut. Stratford, and presented by him to the Society, was printed. This ephemeris will be distributed among such persons as may be possessed of observatories, or who may be desirous of obtaining it for the purpose of any astronomical inquiry. The council congratulated the Society on the prospect of the reduction of the observations made by Bradley, Maskelyne, Pond, and others. A plan was suggested at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, in June last, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Lord Althorp to point out the expediency and propriety of such a measure. His lordship, with the approbation of Earl Grey, immediately granted the sum of 500*l.* for that purpose; and the execution of the plan has been undertaken by Professor Airy, from which arrangement the most beneficial effects to science may be expected. The report announced the appearance of the Nautical Almanac for 1834-5, which may be considered as forming a new era in practical astronomy. This work is framed on the model proposed by the Society in 1830, under the superintendence of Lieut. Stratford, one of the most active Fellows of the Society, and well known for his great accuracy and ability: the Nautical Almanac affords every facility that the astronomer or navigator can require. The funds of the Society were reported to be in a flourishing state—total number of Fellows 325. During the year the Society had lost by death one Fellow and three Associates, viz. M.M. Legendre, the author of the *Elliptic Functions*, and of the *Theory of Numbers*; Carlo Brioschi, a native of North Italy, early attached to scientific pursuits, and employed in the corps of geographical engineers formed by the Austrian government, in which department he carried his geodesical operations to their nicest degree; and Pietro Caturegli, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Bologna, and director of the Ob-

servatory. The council further announced that the new standard scale, with its stand and apparatus, for comparative measures, was at length completed under the direction of the committee. Numerous comparisons had been made with the parliamentary standard in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons (which, by the permission of the speaker, has been appropriated to that purpose), by Lieut. Murphy, R.E., and several other Fellows of the Society conversant with the subject. After the relative values of these two standards have been satisfactorily ascertained, comparisons will be made with the standard bars connected with the trigonometrical survey in this country and in India, and also with other standards that are about to be made for different governments in Europe. Although several subjects were discussed in the council as deserving the medal this year, yet as only one subject was formally proposed, but not afterwards followed up, no medal was awarded at this anniversary. The council viewed with pleasure the active exertions which were being made in Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the promotion of astronomy, and regretted that no steps had been taken in America to encourage that science; and that the hope which the council had indulged from the tenor of the President's speech in 1825, has been hitherto disappointed. In no part of the world, perhaps, would the establishment of a public observatory be attended with so much additional advantage to astronomy as in some portion of that vast continent, where various phenomena not visible in these quarters of the globe might be observed, and by means of which numerous data might be furnished for the improvement of navigation and geography. — F. Baily, Esq. was re-elected president; the other officers stand nearly as heretofore.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

20^d 2^h 26^m—the Sun enters Taurus.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

● New Moon in Pisces	D. H. M.	
☾ First Quarter in Gemini	8 16 42	
○ Full Moon in Virgo	16 12 18	
☾ Last Quarter in Capricornus	23 9 35	
☾ Last Quarter in Capricornus	30 4 31	

The Moon will be in conjunction with

Uranus in Capricornus	D. H. M.	
Mars in Aquarius	4 2 3	
Mercury in Pisces	4 21 44	
Venus in Cetus	7 4 35	
Jupiter in Aries	10 10 47	
Saturn in Virgo	19 14 27	
	21 7 21	

6^h 20^m—the Moon in apogee. 21^d 22^h—in perigee.

Occultations.—The Moon will occult the following stars:—

	Immersion.	Emersion.
	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
♍ Virgins	20 8 6	20 9 7
♍ Virgins	22 7 10	22 8 3
♏ Sagittarii	27 15 44	27 16 54

9^d 5^h 16^m—Mercury in his descending node.
10^d 21^h 43^m—stationary. 19^d 8^h 31^m—in aphelion. 25^d 6^h 30^m—greatest western elongation (27° 6').

20^d—Venus in conjunction with ♈ Arietis; difference of latitude, 9'. 23^d 4^h 8^m—with Jupiter; difference of declination, 33'.

24^d—Mars in conjunction with ♒ Aquarii; difference of latitude, 7'. 4^d—with ♓ Aquarii; difference of latitude, 3'. 11^d 10^h—with ♓ Aquarii. 16^d—with ♓ Aquarii; difference of latitude, 21'. 19^d—with ♓ Aquarii; difference of latitude, 18'. 25^d—greatest south latitude.

5^d—Vesta in conjunction with 15 Ceti. 14^d—Juno in conjunction with 56 Aquile. 22^d—Pallas in conjunction with 18 Hydre.

Ceres in Leo is not near any particular star to indicate its position.

7^d—Jupiter in conjunction with ♈ Arietis; difference of latitude, 17'. 14^d—with ♈ Arietis; difference of latitude, 26'.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

The following is the only eclipse that will be visible:—

First Satellite, emersion D. H. M. S.
1 7 52 54

Saturn is now in its most favourable position for observation. 1^d—Major axis of the ring, 44' 78"; minor axis, 5' 37".

Uranus is too near the Sun to be visible.
Deyford. J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 15. Sir Gore Ouseley, vice-president, in the chair. — An extensive and valuable collection of books, MSS., drawings, maps, plans, &c. were laid on the table, presented by Col. Doyle, on his departure for Jamaica. A general statement of the number of books, &c. is as follows:—Printed books, chiefly Russian, 187 vols.; 173 maps, plans, &c. mostly original; 18 Persian MSS., many of them of great beauty and value; three volumes of original drawings of costumes and scenery; a large quantity of loose drawings and sketches; Indian journals, and a Persian dress. It was resolved unanimously, on the motion of Sir Gore Ouseley, seconded by Sir A. Johnston, that the thanks of the Society should be specially conveyed to Colonel Doyle for his munificent donation, and also the expression of its regret at learning that it is about to lose his zealous and efficient services. Colonel Mills, H. Newnham, and others, were elected resident, and Colonel Gordon and others corresponding, members. — Mr. Bird concluded the reading of his Introduction to the History of Guzerat, bringing down the conquests of the Muhammedans to the death of Muhammed Glori and the foundation of the empire of Delhi.—A letter addressed to the secretary by Sir H. Willock was read, containing some particulars of the murder of Professor Schultz, in Curdistan, in the latter part of 1829, while engaged in a scientific mission to that part of Asia, at the expense of the French government. Professor Schultz appears to have been considered a secret agent of the prince royal of Persia, and to have been sacrificed by the Kurds, to prevent any information relative to their country from being obtained by strangers. The reading of Mr. Henderson's paper on the mineralogy of Cutch was concluded; commencing with his description of the stratified rocks and metallic ores, and terminating with a notice of the saline minerals, in which is comprised an account of the mode of breaking alum pursued by the natives.—Thanks were returned to the authors of the respective communications, and the meeting adjourned.

FINE ARTS.

HAYDON'S REFORM BANQUET.

A SUBJECT less fitted for the pencil than a large assembly of gentlemen in full dress, sitting, after dinner, at their wine and dessert, and without any circumstance of excitement strong enough to communicate marked expression to the various individuals of which the group is composed, can scarcely be conceived. If we were to assert that Mr. Haydon has so completely triumphed over this difficulty as to render his picture highly valuable as a work of art, without reference to the memorable event

which the feast was given to celebrate, we should render our love of truth subservient to that admiration of Mr. Haydon's genius which we have always felt and expressed. Nevertheless, it is a work which no man of ordinary powers could have produced. There are no fewer than a hundred and eleven portraits; and great skill and invention are manifested in the disposition of their heads, so as to afford the opportunity of shewing the distinguishing features of each to advantage, and yet without any appearance of design. Many of these portraits are strikingly like. It is impossible not instantly to recognise Earl Grey, the Marquis of Westminster, Visct. Melbourne, the Earl of Ripon, the Right Hon. Charles Grant, Lord Dacre, Mr. T. Duncombe, Mr. Hume, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir John Hobhouse, Lord Althorp, the Duke of Sussex, Alderman Wood, Mr. Poulett Thompson, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Macauley, and many others. As a picture, however, Mr. Haydon's Banquet rises in estimation when the spectator retires to such a distance that minute parts no longer distract his attention, and he is enabled to dwell on the general effect. The knowledge of the historical painter then shews itself, in the management of those parts of the composition which were susceptible of control; as well as in the architecture, the masses of drapery, the aerial perspective, and, above all, the fine mellow Venetian tone of colour which pervades the whole canvass.

As a specimen of vigorous and enthusiastic, if not of perfectly correct, writing, we are sure we shall gratify our readers by transcribing the description which Mr. Haydon himself gives of the scene he was engaged to depict,—which we propose doing in our next Number.

TRAFALGAR.

Two of three large pictures commemorative of the victory of Trafalgar, and painted for the King by Mr. Huggins, marine painter to his Majesty, are at present exhibiting at Exeter Hall. The one represents the heat of the action at the moment when the Victory and the Redoubtable were hooked together, and when the heroic Nelson fell; the other the gale of the succeeding day, which deprived the gallant victors of so many of the hardly-won proofs of their bravery. Although we are unable to class these works in the highest rank of art, we can most justly say, that they evince great talent and nautical knowledge; and that they well deserve a visit from every one to whom the recollection of our naval glories is dear; that is, in other words, from every true Englishman.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Second Notice.]

No. 233. *Sale of Farming Stock, &c. at the Cape.* H. F. Goblet.—It is said, and with some degree of truth, that the British school of art is too decidedly Flemish; and its decline is predicted, from the neglect of the more elevated and classic choice of subjects. The latter part of this assertion we are not at all inclined to admit, and are perfectly content to see the fine qualities of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, &c. in the practice of our artists. It is with the arts as with the drama.—“Those who live to please must please to live;” and though we have neither martyrdoms, nor holy families, nor popish legends, there is no want of subjects to excite interest and move our sympathy, in proof of which we need only advert to the work under notice—one of the strongest ap-

peals to the heart and understanding that ever was made against the abhorrent slave-trade. We regret that a performance like this did not obtain a more conspicuous situation, and was not painted on a larger scale.

No. 8. *Caius Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage*. W. Linton.—A fine representation of fallen greatness. Poetical and imaginative, it embraces at once the beautiful and the sublime. The sun-lit columns, and the tranquil and glassy waters, are charmingly expressed; and the effect is altogether that of a fairy scene.

No. 28. *Landscape, Evening*. T. C. Holland.—A composition which, in its general character, partakes much of the elegant and classic forms of Italy; but the *matériel* of it is much nearer home. The skill of the artist, upon the same principles on which the ancients produced their models of grace and beauty, has selected from studies of Welsh scenery, and has combined a whole, than which it may be questioned if any thing more pictorial could easily be found. No. 216, *Nightingale Lane, an approach to Holland House, Kensington*, by the same artist, independent of its picturesque character, is interesting from its local associations. It was near this spot that Addison found repose from domestic jars, at the little public-house called the White Horse (now no more); near this spot, also, fell Lord Carmelford, in a duel with his friend Capt. Best. These circumstances, together with the building in the vicinity, so intimately connected with the name of Charles James Fox, gives extrinsic value to the performance.

No. 162. *The Moorish Tower at Seville, called the Giralda; painted at Seville*. D. Roberts.—Could a painter bring into view his travels, toils, and privations, in a foreign land, as well as their pictorial results, of scenes, costumes, buildings, &c., we might be led, perhaps, to appreciate his labours still more highly. As it is, however, we feel indebted to Mr. Roberts, as well as to other artists under similar circumstances, for the gratifications we might otherwise never enjoy. The subject which gave rise to these reflections is of a very novel character; and the style of Moorish architecture is, perhaps, less known than that of almost any other. No. 315, *Interior of a Church*, by the same artist, is a perfect gem of its kind.

No. 42. *The Forest Pool; and No. 142. Stags alarmed at the distant sight of Hunters*. R. B. Davis.—We select these out of many works with which this artist has enriched the present exhibition. In both these performances, but especially in the first, Mr. Davis may be said to have broken fresh ground in the landscape part of his subject, by the execution of which he has given an appearance of heath surface as spirited as it is natural. In the second, the noble bearing of a stag, standing apart from the flying herd, and contemplating the distant foe, is a very animated and striking incident.

No. 59. *The Law-Maker; and No. 248. The Last of his Name*. J. Inskipp.—Two of the most brilliant performances in colouring and effect we have ever seen from Mr. Inskipp's pencil, distinguished as it is for these qualities of art. There is, besides, in the latter an interest independent either of colouring or effect. "The Last of his Name," is a title well calculated to excite sympathy in the fate of the rustic boy (a portrait, we understand) thus isolated in the world.

No. 204. *The White Mouse*. R. Edmondstone.—Not far removed in character from the last-mentioned performance. One of those

Italian or Swiss boys, a wanderer from his native soil, contrasted with beings of his own age, among the rich and happy of another land. The appeal is powerful, and is seen operating in the curiosity and excitement of the juvenile pair, whose attention to the white mouse, and its familiar attachment to its owner, is most happily expressed. The handling and execution are beautiful.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part XXIV. Murray.

THE concluding Part of this beautiful publication, notices of which have so frequently appeared in our pages. "Harrow," from a drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., is increased in interest by the introduction of the youthful bard on that favourite tomb, where "he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought, and brooding lonely over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul." "Missolonghi," from a drawing by W. Purser, appropriately closes the series of views. The last three plates are portraits of "Samuel Rogers, Esq." from a drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; "M. G. Lewis, Esq." from a drawing by G. H. Harlowe; and "Madame de Staël," from a picture by Gerard.

Appendix to the Third (and last) Volume of Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works. Containing an Account of the Subjects of the Engravings, with Extracts and original Information. By W. Brockedon. Murray.

OF the value of this indispensable companion to the Illustrations the present is not the proper place to speak. It is adorned with two beautiful plates:—the first, a "Portrait of Lord Byron," at the age of seventeen, full of sweetness and spirit, from a picture by Sanders (not Saunders, as the text has it); the other a view of "Rome," from a drawing by J. D. Harding, of which "the vast and wondrous dome" of St. Peter's forms the principal feature.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A ROUGH SKETCH IN ITALY.

ALL gentlemen who write books wish that they should be read; and most gentlemen who do so, also desire that they should be bought; but books will not be bought, nor even read, unless they excite an interest. Now, writers of tours can only excite this interest by selecting and heightening the agreeable features of their subject. If they took the reverse view, few would care to read over disagreeable particulars; and even a fair statement of *pros* and *cons* would divert many of our favoured diaries of any popular interest. Hence it is, that almost every one who has had his imagination warmed by the glowing descriptions and extraordinary incidents which are crowded into most books of travels, when he has wended his way to the actual scene, confesses his disappointment, and growls over the hourly annoyances he suffers—but which made no part of his bill of fare. A recent tour in Italy has shewn me so much of this feeling among the English, who almost exclusively make a figure upon the roads and in the towns there, that I think I may do a useful service to my countrymen by offering them a few hints of some of the disagreeables in that classic land. Of these the bookmakers either do not speak at all, or else trip over them so lightly as to make no impression; and yet to many they are so annoying as to outbalance the

pleasurable sensations which they have travelled to collect.

The clearness and brilliancy of an Italian sky, for example, deserves all the praise that is currently bestowed upon it. The air from *heaven* is divine! but then there is the air from *earth*—and that is intolerable! A traveller in Italy may look up at the first and admire; but he cannot help feeling himself in the latter, as the atmosphere in which he moves, and that half poisons him. The *malaria* and stench from their extensive marshes and sulphur springs are naturally bad enough; but these are aggravated past bearing by the abominably uncleanly habits of the natives. Upon this subject it is impossible to write in detail; but it is an all-pervading vice in Italy. In their principal cities—in their best inns—in their marble palaces, as well as in their cottages and corners, it is alike predominant;—it seizes you by the nose as soon as you arrive in Italy, and never quits you till you are fairly out of it. This vice is not merely an annoyance to English travellers—it affects their health. How delicate, modest English ladies can submit to the degradations incident to travelling in Italy, I am at a loss to conceive. If they become reconciled to the change, they must have dismissed their earlier habits, as founded on extreme refinement; and adopt those of their new land, as more free and easy, more assimilating to the independence of unsophisticated swine. I may be wrong, and, perhaps, am prejudiced; but having seen what I have seen, I cannot regard young ladies who have been travelling in Italy, as the same modest, unsullied creatures which they may have been before their removal from England. They may be gainers in wit and spirit—their knowledge of men and things may be expanded; but there must be a loss of that delicacy, which, in the eyes of most English gentlemen, is essential to the charms of an English lady.

"Your passport" is another hourly annoyance, of which a mere English traveller can have no adequate notion. At almost every petty village you are arrested in your journey, while a sort of turnpike-man, in a military garb, examines this interesting document, and makes an extract from it. This is sometimes a work of so much difficulty and delay, that it is necessary to put up your horses in the village. In this case, there will have been a taking off of the hat by the officer, and an asking for something to drink. At the inns, the *garçon* will require his commission for fetching your passport; and the traveller may think himself fortunate if he is not stopped again at the other end of the village, and subjected to another examination. Passport-examiners are spread all over the country, and every one expresses his expectation of a *douleur* by various artifices, from shrugs to frowns, from servility to threats. When you ask these men why you should give them any thing, some will plainly tell you, because they have the power to stop you, and unpack your luggage, and that they are entitled to a compliment for their civility in not using it. These men are, in fact, licensed highwaymen; they don't go the length of saying, "Your money or your life!" but "Your money or detention." "Stop, and deliver!" is the word with them all.

Least I should become tedious, I will pass over the nuisance of having your boxes unpacked, and your papers examined, every time you pass from one petty state into another,—the losses in exchange of coin on these occasions; the swarms of beggars which every

where infest you; the miry roads and narrow nasty streets without footways, and various other ills which Italy is heir to, but which are capable of being remedied. There is, however, a natural and irremediable suffering from which the English visitor of Italy cannot escape, and of which he ought to be apprised. This is the incessant attacks of fleas, bugs, gnats, musquitos, and scorpions. Do what we may with musquito-curtains, such is the preference which these insidious vermin give to flesh and blood newly imported from England, that few can escape them. Many of the English are constantly swollen with their bites. This subject may appear trifling to write upon, but it is a very material one in the condition of the tourist: antiquities, scenery, and the fine arts, are disregarded while the body is tormented with itching and throbbing.

And now a word upon Italian scenery. It is very easy to ring the changes with the terms splendid, magnificent, &c., as our travelling countrymen frequently do, upon every thing brought under their notice, whether it be a high mountain or a musical snuff-box; a majestic ruin or a mosaic toy. Tour-writers freely lavish these terms upon the scenery of Italy; but, after having travelled nearly all over it, with some pretensions as a connoisseur, I found few spots in Italy of surpassing picturesque merit. In boldness and grandeur, the scenery of Italy is not to be compared with that of Switzerland. The mountains of the Apennines are less varied and romantic than some of our mountains in North Wales. The almost interminable levels and marshes in Italy may find a parallel in Lincolnshire; but their plantations of ash-coloured, stunted olive-trees, stretching through their valleys, and climbing their cine-reous hills, and their palaces and villas jutting out of open fields, unadorned by the graceful investiture of pleasure-gardens, are not to be compared with the rich, verdant, and varied scenery of England. These observations are offered, not in depreciation of the merits of Italy—not in denial of the truth that it contains the choicest works of ancient and modern art, and that it is an invaluable school for the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the antiquary; but I wish my countrymen who are neither artists nor antiquaries to be aware of the whole truth. In particular, I would give to families who are excited to make a journey in Italy by what they have read, a glimpse of the sufferings and disappointments which are not made known to them in the books. If these things are duly considered beforehand, by persons who are neither professors, nor decided amateurs of the fine arts, and who rove only in search of pleasure, they will pause before they quit a land in which the beauties of nature and the refinements of comfort abound, and undertake a journey of a thousand miles, to sojourn in a country which is at least a hundred years behind their own in all that regards the substantial enjoyments and the decorums of life; and before they lavish that wealth which is drawn from the industry of their countrymen, among foreigners, who dislike them for every thing but their money. B.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE selection for the last concert of the season consisted chiefly of well-known compositions, but was not, perhaps, the less acceptable to the majority of the audience on that account. The orchestra (owing partly, we presume, to Tagli-

oni's benefit, which happened unluckily to be on the same night) was very thinly attended by the instrumentalists; but this circumstance, though unfavourable in one or two instances, was not materially injurious on the whole, as nearly half the performance consisted of glees, madrigals, and harmonised airs, which required no instrumental accompaniment whatever. Miss Stephens was again received most cordially, and gave almost as much delight as at the fifth concert. She threw some exquisite touches of feeling into Purcell's arduous song, "Mad Bess," and there was a charmingly dignified simplicity in her style of concluding it. In Clarke's air, "Bird of the wilderness," she was most worthily supported by Messrs. Hawkins, Vaughan, and Sale; and the result of such combined talent was truly delightful. Stevens's glee, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," sung by Miss Woodyat and Messrs. King, Vaughan, and Bellamy, deserved all the applause it received; and Mrs. Bishop's execution of Spohr's song, "Rose of the desert," was full of taste and refinement. The audience was numerous, as usual; and the Duchess of Kent was present again; but she looked fatigued, and retired a considerable time before the conclusion of the performance.—And now for our promised, or we should rather say *threatened*, comment on the manner of executing the selection from Mozart's first Mass, at the fifth concert. We will not be "extreme to mark what was done amiss" at the commencement of the *Sanctus*, as the choruses here are usually distinguished by such extreme correctness, that it would be highly illiberal to animadvert severely on this almost solitary exception to the general rule. Our chief ground of complaint lies against the instrumentalists, who led off most of the movements, but particularly the *Benedictus*, too fast, and played the symphonies in a very cold and slovenly style. Having thus discharged this ungracious part of our duty, we turn to the more agreeable task of congratulating the Society, which we do most sincerely and heartily, on the success of their second campaign. We trust that the anxieties and difficulties which must ever attend an enterprise of this kind on its commencement, are now fast giving way before a well-earned and well-established popularity; and that these concerts, which have already been conducive to forming and improving a right musical taste, will long continue among the most favoured performances of their class. Q.

CONCERTS.

ON the last Friday, Signor Masoni gave a charming concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, in which his own performances on the violin confirmed his high reputation. And on the Saturday, a most satisfactory exhibition of the musical attainments of the pupils in the Royal Academy of Music took place. We, too, may now assert we have a National School.

DRAMA.

THIS is a delightful week for the dramatic critic. He has not a single indecency to find fault with. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have been immaculate; and on Friday Bunn was, for the first and only time, truly popular. The breed was perhaps improved; it could not be deteriorated, by the cross.

On the off evenings Yates's very amusing reminiscences, and other entertainments, crowded the Adelphi, of which the short, regular, and most profitable season closed, in the usual oratorical manner, on the preceding Saturday. Ditto, the Olympic, where Vestris spoke a

clever address, by way of dismissal to her audience, and grace to a sumptuous *petit souper*, which was prepared for her many friends behind the curtain. The Victoria also shut up shop for a week, with Knowles's benefit. The Fitzroy, with a promise of wonderful novelties. The Surrey, with Monday open for Rayner and Mrs. Waylett's able and pleasing performances. Of the remaining twenty or fifty theatres, more or less, we have heard nothing particular during starvation week, when the actors are all upon *short bite*.

At the King's Theatre, a magnificent ballet, constructed on the well-known legend of Sir Huon, one of the paladins of Charlemagne, has been produced with triumphant success. It is truly a splendid spectacle, with great variety as well as beauty and brilliancy of scene; now Gallic, now Oriental, now Fairy. The music, by Da Costa, is worthy of the occasion; and the artist-like skill of W. Grieve, displayed in the scenery, almost superior to it. *A pas du Schall* is very captivating, and the Tagliani an impersonation of finished grace. Duvernay, still a charming second; and all the others well in place. When the light-footed goddess returns, this ballet will command bumpers to the end of the operatic year.

Our ever-delightful Caradori appeared as *Rosina* in the opera of Saturday; and nothing could be more sweet, elegant, and persuasive than her eloquent music. Zucchielli was rather fat, and Curioni rather flat; *mais merci, ils se portent très bien*.

POLITICS.

THE law against Associations has passed the French Chamber, on a division of 246 to 154; the ministers having negated every amendment proposed by their opponents. At home we have only had discussions connected with the Church, the Universities, and the Dissenters; but no conclusive measures.

VARIETIES.

Publication in England.—In our last we stated the amount and quality of the publications in France during the last year; having accidentally omitted a similar notice of our own, which, according to the Supplement to "Bent's Literary Advertiser," appears to have been—of new books, about 1160, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 20 less than in 1832; the number of engravings, 74, (including 34 portraits), 13 of which are engraved in the line manner, 48 in mezzotint, and 13 in chalk, aquatint, &c.

Publication in America.—We observe (apropos) from No. 2, Vol. I. of "The Booksellers' Advertiser," (West and Trow, New York, and O. Rich, London,) that a Monthly Register, similar to Bent's, is now published in the United States. From it we select the following as of interest in general literature:—"The mechanical department of book-making in this country appears to be rapidly improving..... Some of the Boston publications are deservedly praised for their superiority in point of paper and typography..... The New York and southern publishers, with a few exceptions, seem to be guided by economy rather than good taste. Some of them, however, have decided that the public will pay for good paper; and they are beginning to act accordingly.The plan of publishing in periodical numbers is, on some accounts, a very good one. Many persons who are not able, or not willing, to pay \$3.50 for a book at once, will take it in twelve monthly or weekly numbers at 37 1-2 cts. each, and are

better satisfied, although the whole cost is \$1 more, as in the case of Byron's works. A new impression of Cooper's Novels has just been commenced on this plan. Irving's works, we understand, are to be re-issued in the same style as Cooper's, viz. in Nos. at 18 3-4 cts. each, or 75 cts. for each work—less than one half of the old price. It should be remembered, however, that the price has been much enhanced by the copy-right, for which the publishers have, no doubt, paid liberally.

The prize of fifty dollars, offered by the *Boston Evening Gazette*, for the best poem, has been awarded to Miss Hannah F. Gould. The subject is "the Death of the Sagamore."

Col. Crockett—"It may interest the friends of this genuine son of the West, to learn that he has lately completed, with his own hand, a narrative of his life and adventures, and that the work will be shortly published by Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia. The work bears this excellent and characteristic motto by the author:—

"I leave this rule for others, when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right, then go ahead!"

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At the last meeting Mr. Power gave an account of his views concerning the cause of the phenomena of exosmosis and endosmosis, which it appeared by his calculations may be accounted for by the effect of forces similar to those which produce capillary phenomena. Professor Henslow gave an account of the speculations of Mr. Braun respecting the spiral arrangement of the scales on the cones of pines, illustrated by drawings and additional observations. Professor Airy gave an account of experiments on the polarisation of light by the sky. It appeared that the light was polarised in a plane passing through the sun, and that the plane of polarisation was not reversed in approaching the sun, as had been formerly suggested by M. Arago. Prof. Airy could observe the polarisation within nine degrees of the sun, in a horizontal direction; but above and below the sun the traces disappeared at a distance considerably greater. It was found, in the course of these experiments, that very rough surfaces, as a stone wall, a gravel-walk, a carpet, produced some polarisation by reflection; and that the plane of polarisation, in all cases, passed through the point of reflection and the source from which the light came. This communication gave rise to observations from other members.

Duchesse de Berri's Pictures.—We have seen the catalogue of the duchesse's pictures in the *Galérie d'Elisée Bourbon*, and it certainly comprises some fine and rare works of art. There are 118 paintings, almost all of the Dutch and Flemish schools:—Gerard Dow, Wouverman, Schalken, Metz, Mieris, Net-scher, De Vries, Backhuysen, Paul Potter, the Ostades, Cuypp, Ruysdael, Berghen, Vander Heyden, Mignard, Teniers (elder and younger), Vanderwerf, Polemberg, Singeland, Breihsenberg, Vanderveide, Le Duck, Rega, Van Rom-maïn, Pynaker, Wynants, Monchessonpere, Weenix, Neefs, Van Huysum, De Witte, Breugel, Karl. du Jardin, Vander Meulen, J. Miel, Vander Doos, Asselmy, Terbourg, Van Goyen, Hobbama, Lingelbach, Van Hughtenbourg, Berkeiden, Kamp, Both, Victoos, Van Ochtervelde, Jan Steen, Shilbaver, and Vander Nieu (some of them little known in England), besides Vernet, Panini, and Canaletti, are all contributors to this very fine collection.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—In a work (I believe Major's edition of "Hogarth Moralised"), which I have been re-

cently looking over, a passage struck me as applicable to the erroneous view you have been pleased to take of our national drama. Will you allow me to quote it for your information? "The licentiousness of the present age is a favourite topic with some of our popular writers; yet the drama is considered as the mirror of public manners; and the drama is rather more correct, and less indelicate, than it was in the year 1327, when, in a play of the 'Old and New Testament,' performed at Chester, the actors Adam and Eve, trying to represent these two characters to the life, came upon the stage quite naked! What modern manager could have dressed, or rather undressed, his performers with a stricter regard to propriety?" Yours, &c. A. B.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Leigh Hunt announces another new cheap literary periodical, entitled *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. *American Reprints*, (Boston) the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, at 5 dol. each, per annum; *Blackwood's Magazine*, at 6 dol.; and the *New Monthly*, at 3 dol.—(New Haven) *Blackwood's*, the *Metropolitan*, and the *Foreign Quarterly*, together, in weekly numbers, at 7 dol. for the three—(Philadelphia) the *Foreign Quarterly*, at 3 dol.—(New York) the *Penny Magazine*, from the London stereotype plates, at 1 dol. 30 c.

In the Press.

Dr. Croly has, we learn, a volume in the press on the general government of the world by the Deity, entitled *Divine Providence, or the Three Cycles of Revelation*, establishing the parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Periods, and forming an entirely new evidence of the divine origin of Christianity.

The *Natural History of Animals*, containing Descriptions of all the known Species, with instructions for procuring and viewing them, by Mr. Pritchard, author of the "Microscopic Cabinet."

India, a Poem, by a Young Civilian of Bengal.

The Correspondence of Dr. John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, with A. Knox, Esq. from 1799 to 1831.

A very desirable Quarterly Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society is announced; to commence next month, and intended to comprise—First, Original Essays or Papers; Secondly, Abstracts of such Papers as it may not be necessary to print entire; Thirdly, Analyses of Works connected with the objects of the Society, which, from their scarcity or other causes, it may be deemed proper to make more generally known; Fourthly, Notices of the Proceedings of the Parent as well as of its Branch and Auxiliary Societies; and of the Oriental Translation Committee, and of other Institutions, either British or Foreign, of the same nature, as far as they may be attainable; and, lastly, a Record of Miscellaneous Information on subjects of Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art, having reference to the East.

A Memoir of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, by J. B. Williams, Esq., LL.D. F.R.S.

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Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. February 1834.

Thermometer—Highest.....	53° 00".	the 27th.
Lowest.....	29° 00".	12th.
Mean.....	38° 45'.	
Barometer—Highest.....	30° 24".	the 26th.
Lowest.....	29° 37".	
Mean.....	29° 38'.	

Number of days of rain, 11.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.8125.

Winds.—3 East—7 West—2 North—3 South—4 North-east—3 South-east—3 South-west—2 North-west.

General Observations.—Not one seventh part of the rain that fell in February 1833 fell during the month; the mean temperature was more than a degree and a half lower than last year, and the extremes were greater, the range being 31 degrees; yet the weather, generally, was warmer than usual for the month. The barometer was higher, as respects the mean, than any in the last ten years in the corresponding month, and the minimum was above any for the same period; but the maximum has been exceeded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having the first book of another Epick this week, we have been induced to delay a farther notice of the Judgment of the Flood.

We also defer the continuation of Remarks on Publishing and Criticism, &c.

Mr. G. Cruikshank assures us that the illustrations of a work entitled "Cruikshank at Home," and advertised in the *Lit. Gaz.*, are not by him.

When G. D. has received an answer from his friend the Chevalier, perhaps he will have the goodness to communicate it to us, together with his own name and address.

G. H.'s Sonnet to the Moon is sweet and pleasing; but we can only quote the new thought in the first two lines:

"Hail! beauteous Moon, majestic Queen of Night,
Whose lucid brightness gives the Sun repose."

The Song, "Come o'er the Sea," is declined: "our" and "ye" are inexcusable rhymes.

We are much obliged to "Platypus," but do not think it worth while to follow up the subject of cheap publications in the merry vein, of which the annexed is a specimen:—

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